Saturday Review

August 10, 1963 25¢

MENCKEN: PREJUDICES AND PROPHECIES

By Charles Angoff

CRITICS AND CREATORS

By Ivor Brown

"A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

By Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Reviewed by Marvin Kalb

HOW EUROPE FIGHTS COMMERCIAL TELEVISION

By John Tebbel

PASADENA CALIF
363 GROVE ST
ANDERSON COLLEGE LIBRY
SN6021-5 358-454

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YELLOWSTONE
where Nature has outdone the Wizard of Oz

Not even the Emerald City of Oz had such wonders as Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. This is Castle Geyser

Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming is so unbelievable that when C. W. Cook wrote of his explorations there in 1869, *Lippincott's* Magazine refused such "fiction." Who could believe things like hot water spurting 200 feet high, glass cliffs and rivers that leaped off mountain tops? Or forests whose trees had turned into jewels?

Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

But this Land of Oz is real. This wonderland, unique in all the world, has been forever set aside so that Americans may enjoy its strange beauty. There are 3,000 geysers and hot springs; "Old Faithful" hisses, snorts and blasts tons of water into the air on regular schedule. There's a cliff of black volcanic glass. The falls of the Yellowstone River are twice as high as Niagara. There are more than 24 layers of petrified trees whose wood has become opaline veined with amethyst.

Twenty-nine million Americans have marveled at these wonders since Yellowstone became our first National Park in 1872. Yet, by wise design, 98% of its 2,221,000 acres will always be untouched by man. Here, Nature can continue to experiment with wildlife and growing things, subtly shifting the interdependence of various species. *Scientists watch, but do not disturb.* For in this primeval workshop, they may learn to restore the balance of Nature in areas where it has been upset.

Yellowstone is our National Park masterpiece, *a shining example of conservation's worth to both man and Nature.* Take pride in this island in time, in this part of the past set aside for the future. Come see it to appreciate its wonders and its meaning.

Bears aplenty in our greatest wildlife refuge

Petrified forest—now columns of amethyst-veined opaline

FREE—*Exclusive—Recreational Guide and Vacation Planning Map of National Parks—"What to See, What to Do, How to Enjoy Your National Parks." Includes points of unusual scenic and historic interest, accommodations, facilities and recreational activities. Write Sinclair for your free copy.*

FREE TOUR SERVICE—*Let Sinclair help plan your trip to Yellowstone or other National Parks, or anywhere in the U. S., Canada, Mexico. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*

Sinclair

A GREAT NAME IN OIL

Another in Sinclair's Conservation Series to foster appreciation of our national heritage

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last-

you can spend three weeks touring Europe and pay only $350 for your BOAC round-trip fare!

On BOAC's new low-cost 21-day Excursion Fare Plan you can spend three full weeks in Europe on the vacation you've often dreamed of, but perhaps couldn't quite manage until now. Read about these fares, then send in the coupon below for complete details. And see your Travel Agent.

The new Excursion Fares are effective from October 1st, 1963 through April 30th, 1964. These are the unhurried, low-cost months in Europe, when roads, hotels and restaurants are uncrowded, the "natives" relaxed and friendly after their own vacations, and the low, off-season hotel rates are in effect. You can spend a full three weeks touring Europe, but you have to spend at least fourteen days in Europe before you can come home. Here are some sample Excursion Fares, Economy Class round-trip aboard a BOAC Rolls-Royce 707: New York—London, $350.00· New York—Glasgow (the gateway to the Highlands), $323.00; New York—Manchester (close to Wales, the Lake District and the Shakespeare country), $337.40; Chicago— London, $425.00; San Francisco —London, $638.10.

Based upon the new Excursion Fares, you can now spend three whole weeks touring Europe on BOAC's wonderfully low-priced off-season Val-U-Tours. Your tour price includes literally everything: air fare, hotels, all meals, the works: The price? A fantastically low $652 from New York for 21 days touring no less than ten European countries. And that is just **one** example of four superb BOAC Val-U-Tours.

Are you a member of a group? If so, you can save even more money, and you spend just about as long as you like in Europe. All it takes is twenty five qualified members of an approved club, society, fraternal group or religious organization. And the only condition is that you all travel to and from the United States as a group. Here are some sample Group bargain fares: New York—London, $310; New York —Rome $402.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

British Overseas Airways Corp.
Dept. BE-61,
530 Fifth Ave., New York 36 • MU 7-1600
Please send me complete details of your Group Fares ☐, European Val-U-Tours ☐.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

778A

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama in Birmingham. Police officials blasted this girl demonstrator with fire hose to stem civil rights march.

PRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It matters...

When the Negroes revolt

The Negro Revolution—1963—has been reported in depth and with courage by the Post, because the editors believe it matters. It is among the most profound social upheavals in our history. Beyond the bloodshed and violence, its impact has been felt in less dramatic, but no less important, ways: in living habits and working conditions, manufacturing and marketing concepts, in the education of our children. It may be the overriding issue in the 1964 presidential campaign. Post editors were aware of the now flaming Negro militancy before it reached tinder point. Well in advance of the fury, the Post pinpointed the key battlefronts, then moved behind the scenes to reveal the battle plan and review the shock troops who would execute it: zealous youth groups; Martin Luther King; the fanatical Black Muslims and their chief, Malcolm X. When trouble started, the Post explained it with vivid, but judicious, articles by gifted writers who stressed the historical perspective, rather than the sporadic unfolding of news events. The Post added thrust to these articles with a series of tough-minded editorials urging light, not heat: understanding and moderation, rather than revolution and violence. The Post will continue to shed light on this social upheaval. Because it matters.

POST

300 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Elizabeth Appleton

By JOHN O'HARA

A big bestseller and one of the most enthralling novels in his spectacular career—the story of a restless faculty wife in a college town deep in the O'Hara country. $4.95

Fishing for Fun

And To Wash Your Soul

By Former President HERBERT HOOVER

The trout's friendliest enemy baits his engaging new book with the triple lure of wit, wisdom, and piscatorial delights. $3.00

Ehrengard

By ISAK DINESEN

One of the last of a glorious vintage—and the purest Dinesen! $3.95

THE Corridor

A novel by

EDMUND FULLER

An adult adventure into the private world of a man and woman who invest all of themselves — intellectually and passionately—in the pursuit of a strong, good marriage. $3.95

A Primer on Government Spending

By ROBERT HEILBRONER and PETER L. BERNSTEIN

The first book that translates our national economic policy into language that can be understood by someone who has never had—or who has long since forgotten—a course in economics. Cloth $3.50, Vintage Paperback $1.45

Now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

Saturday Review

August 10, 1963

Cover design by Pageant Studio

SR/IDEAS

11 Critics and Creators, by Ivor Brown

14 The Test Ban and Beyond: An Editorial

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

44 Mencken: Prejudices and Prophecies, by Charles Angoff

46 How Europe Fights Commercial TV, by John Tebbel

SR/BOOKS

17 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

17 Index of books reviewed

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

9 Trade Winds: John Fuller sustains a summer pun-stroke

15 Letters to the Editor

16 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi points up parental delinquency

25 Literary I.Q.

27 Literary Crypt

33 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes on sounds of summer theatre

34 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews some psycho-cinema

35 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin at Tanglewood

36 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Buda and Pest

38 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1531

The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urny. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLVI, No. 31, August 10, 1963. Second Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" © 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

EXPEDITION

A unique periodical containing first hand reports on the world-wide expeditions of The University Museum of The University of Pennsylvania. Articles by noted scholars for the intelligent layman in the general fields of archaeology, anthropology and ethnology. Single copy $1; annual subscription $3.50 (four issues). Free with University Museum membership (individual $10; family $15). Fill out coupon and mail with your check.

The University Museum
33rd and Spruce Sts., Phila. 4, Pa.

M .....

..... Zone .....

City ..... State .....

MEDITERRANEAN AEGEAN SEA CRUISE/TOUR

SEA AND SUN FROM $799 ALL INCLUSIVE FROM NEW YORK VIA SAS JET

GREECE, RHODES, CYPRUS, ISRAEL, HOLY LANDS, ITALY. October through April, 17 to 22 days, 9 departures plus special Christmas and Easter tours. SAS Jet to Italy, then cruise from Venice aboard the ATHINAI. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Pompeii Extension. FIRST CLASS CRUISE AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, all meals, all shore excursions, Maupintour's own Cruise Tour Director. For folder, see your SAS/Maupintour Travel Agent or write Dept.A08 MAUPINTOUR, 400 Madison Ave., New York City.

MAUPINTOUR

BERGMAN · FELLINI · ANTONIONI · RENOIR

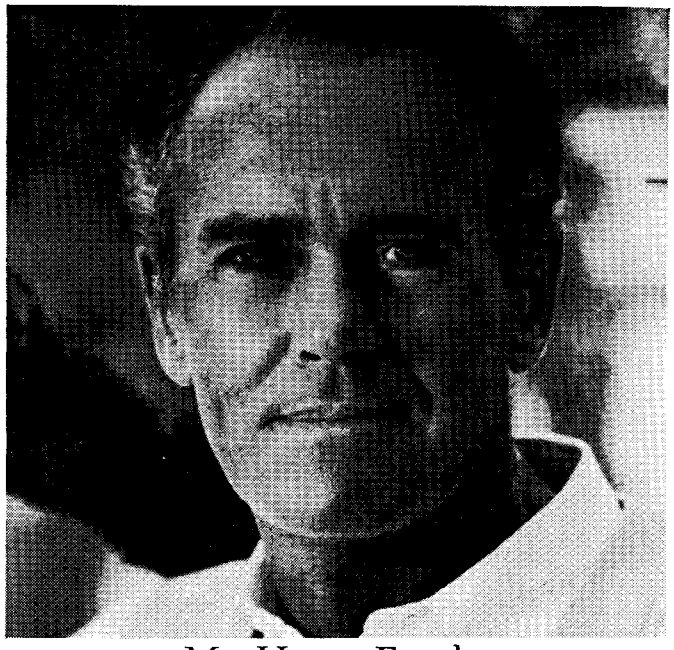
ON 16 MM FILM

WRITE FOR 1963-1964 CATALOGUE

JANUS FILMS LIBRARY · DEPT SR

The WELLINGTON, 55 St. at 7th Ave. · N.Y. 19, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Henry Fonda,
distinguished American actor, is a member of the Hudson Book Club.

Discriminating readers find that membership in the HUDSON BOOK CLUB is a continuously satisfying experience. Economy is only one of the pleasures it affords. If you take your reading seriously — if books play too important a role in your life to be chosen solely by their position on the bestseller list—then you, too, will enjoy associating yourself with others who share your tastes. You will save an average of one-half on books you would ordinarily buy anyway—by means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books.

The current new membership offer (up to $35.00 worth of books for only $3.00) makes a cancellable trial membership especially inviting.

Why not join today without risk or obligation?

Any three for $1.00 each

with a trial membership.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT NOW!

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y.

You may enroll me as a trial member of the HUDSON BOOK CLUB and send me these THREE selections for only $1 each.

1 _____ 2 _____ 3 _____

☐ Please bill me $3.00 plus shipping charge.

☐ I enclose $3.00. Club will pay shipping.

Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional selections (or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four I accept after this introductory offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

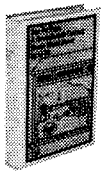
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this Special Offer, you may return the selections within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

MS-151

O'NEILL. The monumental biography by Arthur & Barbara Gelb. "An Everest of a book."—*Saturday Review.* "One is dragged into the very presence of greatness." — *Arthur Miller.* 1,000 pgs., illus. **List Price $12.50**

THE SILENT PAST. By Ivar Lissner. The author of *The Living Past* recreates the "lost worlds" that have haunted human history... from the not-entirely-mythical splendors of Atlantis to the modern archaeological findings in Stonehenge, Jericho, Carthage, Delphi, Bactria, Crete, Sardinia, Yucatan, and many more. **List Price $6.95**



JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). "...a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the *Francion* or of Sade."—*Nouvelle Revue Francaise.* **List Price $6.50**

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. From Sartre (on Brecht) to Ionesco (on Pirandello), the major figures of the theatre in our time examine its techniques, its purposes, its absurdities (intentional and otherwise)...and dissect each other with no holds barred. Ed. by Robert W. Corrigan. **List Price $7.50**

THE ROTHSCHILDS. By Frederic Morton. A brilliant study of the almost legendary banking dynasty whose family history is part of the *secret* history of the past 150 years. Illus. with family portraits and photos. **List Price $5.95**

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS. Karl Jaspers invites us to share the philosophies (and the deepest meaning) of Socrates, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Plato, Augustine, Kant. **List Price $8.50**

MYTHS OF THE HERO. By Norma Lorre Goodrich. From Egypt to India and Scandinavia, from Gilgamesh to Roland. Never before collected in one volume; many never before translated. 100 illustrations. **List Price $12.50**

SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB. By Uwe Johnson. The astounding work of fiction that signals the return of Germany to the arena of world literature. "A new creative voice...a name to conjure with...a fascinating novel." — *N.Y. Times Book Review.* "Magnificent unique prose. A great new talent."—*Kay Boyle.* **List Price $4.50**

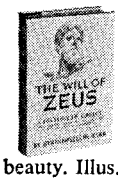
CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A wild descent into hell. Unforgettable." —*Herbert Gold.* "A humbling and liberating achievement." — *James Baldwin.* **List Price $5.95**

ANTI - INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's notorious philistinism rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of *The Age of Reform.* **List Price $6.95**

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN: By Henry Miller. "A *moral* work of great perception and feeling. The forces of censorship haven't a prayer against Miller's strength, conviction, and vitality."—*Richard Seaver.* **List Price $7.50**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. First American publication of the third volume in his world-famous forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?" — *Maxwell Geismar.* **List Price $5.00**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition of "one of the great biographies of our time." —*The Atlantic.* Ed. and abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. **List Price $7.50**



THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. **List Price $10**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the millennium which saw the birth of Abraham, the building of Stonehenge, the glory of Egypt, sack of Troy, and fall of Knossos. Illus. **List Price $6.95**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edited by Martin Levin

WE ALL HAD A LITTLE FUN

A YOUNG American Negro, home from service in the Peace Corps in Africa, says the child of one tribe greeted him by rubbing him with oil. He thought it a friendly custom until the chief started sprinkling him with cracker meal. He got the message and started to yell. Then all the tribe came out, howling with merriment carrying the cold beer, crackers, and cheese, and the hi-fi; and the Peace Corps-nik realized he had been had by a practical joke, just like on *Candid Camera*. Next time he'd like to serve in South America among the Brazilian aborigines. They don't have a sense of humor.

Reminds me of the time my friend the late Jimmy Street and I welcomed an editor in North Carolina, a man who had never visited in the South before. As the editor walked toward Jimmy's house we had these three Negroes, stripped to the waist shouting, "Tow that barge! Lift that bale! . . ." and all such other things, and Jimmy and I sat on the porch drinking mint juleps according to an Abercrombie & Fitch recipe, and a Negro boy was fanning us at the rate of $2 an hour. The "lift that bale" fellows wanted straight time, ten dollars each. —HARRY GOLDEN.

• • •

DOES THE POSTMAN ZIP TWICE?

I HAVE the good fortune to live in a community of perhaps three hundred souls, some backslid indeed, but all souls with fairly distinctive personalities attached. I think we are too small to be given much of a ZIP number by the post office. This luck deserves the roundest applause from us all and the best hurrahs.

ZIP numbers on letters to expedite mailing are just more nails in my bier. Hereabouts we are ornery as goats when it comes to house numbers, even. If you are a stranger and want to know where Billy Smith lives you don't just step up and ask his house number and what street does he live on, because even if you do, you will not get that information. You will get nowhere, which is Erehwon spelled forwards. You will be told, instead, that Billy Smith lives down that way in the sort of yellow house with the drain pipe hanging down over the front door. Billy has planned to get around to that drain for some little time. But I know Billy and my money says he never will. He has always had trouble with his drains.

Billy Smith's house used to be identifiable as "the house with the knocked over privy in back," a functional misadventure that occurred on some forgotten Hallowe'en. So long ago, in fact, that no one but the barber can remember when it happened. His memory is like a steel trap, and includes such memorabilia as the time my young sister threw up in church. The first time was in the movie theatre (*SR*, March 10, 1962). Over the years people got tired of referring to the fallen-over facility in Billy's back yard, so now his is the drain pipe house.

It is puzzling to wonder what will happen to a letter addressed to Tom Jones, Fielding, Arkansas, with a ZIP number attached which is incorrect, and is in truth the ZIP number for New York City. Will the letter for Fielding, Arkansas, bounce around in a Bronx PO until some non-mechanical brain decides there is no such street and Tom's missive ends up in the dead letter office? There are problems.

In fact the world is full of problems. You can have them. I'll be a voice crying in the wilderness, urging the return to the folksy life.

—ROBERT LABOUR.

• • •

OFFSPRING

YOU are probably wondering why I am always so jumpy and why I look as though I were about to be pushed out of an airplane with a second-hand parachute. Well, to be perfectly frank, I'm the father of three healthy, conniving teen-agers. Can you think of a better reason?

I've never let on before, but I'm actually scared to death of them. That's why, when I come home from work, I sneak up the rear fire escape, tiptoe into my room, and remain there silent and trembling until my wife comes and escorts me to dinner. Then I am chaperoned back to my cell, there to sit nervously in the dark waiting like that poor slob in *The Killers*.

It was at such a moment the other evening that Patricia, my oldest daughter, burst into my room like a wayward waterfall, almost tearing the door off the hinges.

"Pop," she said in a rather unfriendly tone, "I need $50."

"What for, darling?" I replied, trying to conceal my fear behind a trembling newspaper I had unconsciously picked up for a shield. They say it's never a good idea to let a child know that you are afraid of him.

"Well, . . . for graduation," she hedged.

"Uhmmm, that's a lot of money. What do you need it for? A class ring?"

She laughed a rather hollow laugh. "Oh, no. Class rings are for squares. My goodness, Pop. Where have you been?"

"Well, what's the money for?" I insisted, bringing my voice a little past a whisper.

"For a nose ring," she replied matter-of-factly. "That's $40 for the ring and $10 to have my nose pierced."

"Does your mother know about this?"

"Sure. She helped me pick out the ring. It's made out of ivory and has

BHS carved on one side and Class of 1963 on the other. They're just darling."

"What happens if you get tired of the ring? What'll you do with the hole in your nose?"

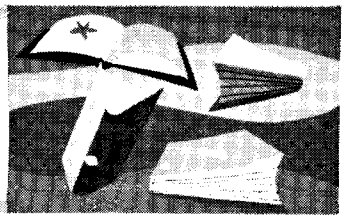
"Oh, it doesn't show that much, silly. Maybe I'll tie a ribbon through it. That's what they're doing in Dallas. It's real cute."

Since Patricia was graduating from high school, I couldn't very well turn her down, so I forked over the money. After all, it was in lieu of a bona fide class ring. Then, knowing how such fads can have a tremendous influence on a youngster, I was afraid that preventing her from conforming to the current whim might isolate her from her friends and leave her forever an outcast.

After she had gone, I cowed in my little corner in the attic for the remainder of the evening, occasionally scanning the light coming in under the doorway, but mainly apprehensive for fear the door would burst open and one of the other children would have something to say to me. As I say, I'm afraid of them. —FRANCIS MURRAY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds



THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS is an infinitely complex one, born of ideas, suckled on sales estimates, nurtured on precarious faith, and matured through unfriendly critics and bored clerks. Nearly always, the publisher alone supervises these steps, from the smoke of the original idea to the final sales conference. Just recently, a group of ex-publishing people got together to offer a talent pool to take some of these chores off the shoulders of the overworked publisher, under the name of Sigrid Rock Associates.

One of the toughest things for a new organization to determine is what fees to charge. But Miss Rock and her associates handle the problem with disarming simplicity: "Since there is no precedent for this kind of setup in book publishing," their brochure announces candidly "we will establish fees as we go along."

ONE OF THE JOBS the fledgling organization might take on is to help out

Joseph D. Cooper, of 2810 Blaine Drive, Chevy Chase, Maryland. The author of *The Art of Decision Making* is having a bit of a rough time getting enough examples of executive doodling for a new satirical book on the subject. Apparently executives are a bit gunshy, what with all the psychiatric testing going on in industry today. If anyone happens to find some examples of this art in the conference-room wastebasket, they would probably be appreciated by Mr. Cooper.

DOUBLEDAY is still scratching its corporate head about a request for a review copy of one of their books which *Marriage*, a magazine of family living, requested for its recommended list. The book title: *The Quiet Battle*, the story of passive resistance through history.

IN THE GENTLE, TENDER FIELD of juvenile fiction, all is far from quiet. We had no sooner reported on the *real* Tom Swift as the work of Edward Stratemeyer, when we find this statement contested by Roger Garis, son of Howard R. Garis, who created the famous Uncle Wiggily stories.

According to Roger Garis, Mr. Stratemeyer did create the original idea, but the first thirty-five books in the series were farmed out to Uncle Wiggily's originator on an outright cash basis, with the elder Mr. Garis pounding out four chapters a morning.

What's more, as if nothing can be sacred, we are told that the Bobsey Twins series was also originated by Mr. Stratemeyer, and also farmed out to the elder Garis and his wife in the early stages of the series.

"In all," the son of Uncle Wiggily's creator tells us, "my father wrote about 500 books, my mother about 200. It was a most interesting period of authorship."

THERE ARE PLENTY of book ideas around for any enterprising talent pool or publisher to latch on to. Reader Nancy Tuttle claims that she has discovered that Rembrandt van Rijn had a favorite Belgian shepherd she'd like to write a book about. Its name was Rijn Tijn Tijn.

Reader Ben Safran is toying with the idea of doing a book on the mournful misadventures of a psychical researcher, to be called *The Unhappy Medium*.

Reader David Bernstein wants to start a whole series of books with redundant titles, since it's been proved that repetition in advertising brings more sales. He would start his best-selling list off with: *I Was a Teen-Aged Adolescent*.

EARLE REYNOLDS and his family, along with the famous schooner *Phoenix*, are anchored near Hiroshima, Japan. A recent note from him gives a clue about how they pass the time while polishing the brightwork:

"We have a kind of a word game," he writes, "which we thought up—although this doesn't mean others couldn't have done the same.

"Once you get started on this kind of thing, you're likely to become as overbearing as a rabbit, as inflamed as a moth, as canny as a sardine, as testy as a guinea pig. You may become as chaste as a fox or as instinctive as a skunk. . . . I think you get the idea—it's hardly necessary to be as detailed as a manx cat. But just for the record, I should point out that our family has decided that pigs are hamstrung, blowfish are swell, molluscs are shellfish, adders are calculating, and canaries jaundiced. I hope, like the fossil, you are impressed."

WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS, Rosemary Corry informs us that the members of Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré lighten their rehearsal waiting time by creating all kinds of star names for a splinter group they call the Laughing Stock Company. As soon as a medical play comes their way, they plan to feature such stars as Anna Syn, Sue Chur, Sally Patica, Cora Seedin, and the Attricks Brothers, Jerry and Petey.

What's more, they've lined up some occupational characters whose shingles could well adorn any office building:

Lawyers: Judge Knott, Lester B. Judge.

Caterers: Toomney Cook, "Spa" La-Brotte.

Auto Salesmen: Oscar Mann, Hone Swann.

Divorce Lawyers: Hugo Urway, Olga Myne.

One player, in between curtain calls, utilized her role as Socrates's wife by creating the rallying call for the group: "Xanthippe Canoe and Tyler, too!"

MEANWHILE, reader Harriet Kopelman is anxious to start off a series called *Spicy Proverbs*, which includes: A tarragon of virtue; a fool anise money are soon parted; thyme is of the essence; seeing is bay-leaving.

But reader Ed Horr likes his proverbs to be of a more theological nature. He writes us about a church that was considering adding an assistant minister to help its overworked preacher. The elders turned the idea down with the statement: "One wise to the Word is sufficient."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1530)

J. D. CARR:
(THE LIFE OF)
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

"I am just in the middle of the last Holmes story," (he wrote his mother), "after which the gentleman vanishes, never to return! I am weary of his name."

So Professor Moriarty waited . . .; the falls of Reichenbach opened . . .; and with a happy sigh of relief, he killed Sherlock Holmes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

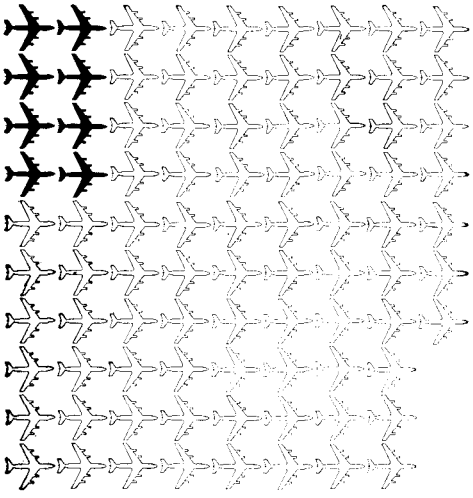
What's the score on fan-jets?

The American Airlines fan-jet story

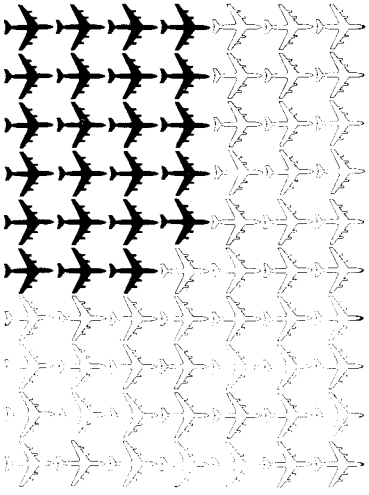
There seems to be quite a bit of talk about fan-jets these days. It isn't surprising.

Fan-jets are 30% more powerful than ordinary jets.

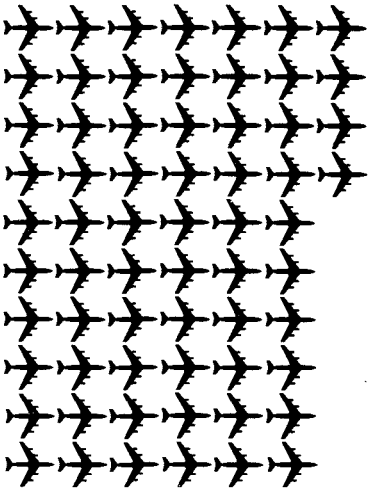
They take off faster and they climb faster.



United's jet fleet. 8 of them are fan-jets.



TWA's jet fleet includes 23 fan-jets.



American's entire jet fleet: 64 fan-jets.

[Fan-jet engines take in twice as much air as ordinary jets. This gives the thrust twice as much body.]

There's just one thing about fan-jets. You may not get one.

There are 24 airlines in this country. Yet only 2 have fan-jets on every jet flight.

One is Western.

The other is American. [We call our fan-jets Astrojets.]

The chart above will show you how many fan-jets the 3 major airlines have today.

It will also show you which airline guarantees you a fan-jet on every jet flight you take.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Saturday Review

August 10, 1963

By Ivor Brown

Critics and Creators

A British novelist, critic, and journalist argues the case for criticism by those who have "sweated, suffered, and faced the frustrations" of creative writing.

WILLIAM Congreve's opinion that hell has no fury like a woman scorned can fairly be expanded by the alteration of a word. For "woman" read "author"; the cries of exasperation from aggrieved writers come shrieking down the centuries. To Robert Burns critics were "cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame," to Dryden they were the spitters of revenge and spite, and to Shelley "bankrupt thieves turned thief-takers." Mark Twain comprehensively damned the whole critical profession as "the most degraded in all literature."

The chorus of damnation has had its notable, or rather notorious, justifications in vehement and contemptuous attacks on work subsequently widely approved. But amid all this assault there is a serious omission; that is the failure to recognize the existence of enlivening and encouraging criticism in which authors have themselves rendered the best of service to other authors. It is absurd to suggest that the critic should always himself be a creator; many of the best in this calling have succeeded in judgment while failing in, or never attempting, creative writing. The two kinds of mind and sensibility need not be the same. But often enough they are found occurring in one person and with rewarding results.

Yet it has been said that the artist in all forms of composition, pictorial and musical as well as literary, is likely to be a poor critic. Several reasons are given for that view. One is jealousy of rival artists. It sometimes and sadly occurs that those who pursue Truth and Beauty in their profession are not always accurate in their statements, just in their estimations, and beautiful in their manners. The history of authorship is a chronicle of quarrels in which the Sneerwells and Backbites have used their quills like daggers. Art should be above these animosities, but artists are human and the human limitation brings its pressure to bear.

The chagrin becomes more bitter when one creative writer turns critic at the expense of another. A sharp attack of indignation is to be expected in the case of an author who believes that he has poured his best into a book and then finds it overlooked or reviewed in a condescending paragraph; this can be more galling than a column of abuse since the latter does at least concede importance. If at the same time that reviewer in the role of novelist, perhaps hitherto regarded as mediocre, is discovered to have written the Book of the Year and becomes the darling of the choice-makers, the experience is a still greater source of fury. Not to want to hit back, should the opportunity arise, is not to be quite human. Envy has all the persistence of an adroit politician; it is given every bad name by the ethical but is always reappearing.

ANOTHER accusation made against the creator-critic is that, quite apart from personal antogonisms, there may be intolerance of a whole school or style. Strongly, even passionately, attached to his own aims and methods, an author may be incapable of justice to those whose theory and practice are radically different from his own. The classicist rules out the romantic as a barbarian; the romantic, with a taste for the heroic and the heroine, can see no scrap of value in the detailed portraiture of a sluttish wanton or of the debauched oaf who has recently been in fashion as the "anti-hero" of an "anti-novel." The devotee of orderly construction and scrupulous workmanship, be it on canvas or on paper, cannot think himself into the world of a slapdash and splash-about artist. Nor can he devote a sympathetic attention to the novelists or playwrights whose work meanders from a hazy beginning to a finish in a fog. There may be hidden treasure in this mist of words. But he believes that treasure is there to be openly enjoyed and not laboriously excavated, since it is the essential business of an artist to communicate, not to confuse.

It is the proper business of a critic who has to consider a wide range of production, as most journalist critics must, to work with no initial prejudice against a whole tendency or against any one individual. He must understand, or at least try to understand, what all kinds of artists or authors are attempting and then assess their success or failure in that line of business. To begin by saying that the line of business stinks and that all who traffic in it are beneath consideration is not only unjust, it is idiotic. Yet some creators of the highest order have been guilty of this and have played the game unfairly.

Bernard Shaw provided some notable examples of the damn at sight and the curse comprehensive. Rationalist, realist, and iconoclast, he developed in his years of dramatic criticism a withering contempt for much of Shakespeare's work. He was naturally the more incensed by the intemperate Bardolaters who lay prostrate before their idol and took any criticism to be blasphemy. Confronted with *Cymbeline,* for example, Shaw might have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said that it was a tall and rambling story full of incredible events. Had he taken a broad view, he could then have admitted that Shakespeare's audience liked their stories tall, had no objection to a loose-jointed play, and did not fuss for a moment about probability; they were there to be entranced by a tale, not persuaded to believe in it. They wanted a finely mixed spurt of blood and poetry; they wanted both words and passions raised to a higher power by a writer's fancy and his mastery of language—and they got these pleasures. Shakespeare had the trick of it. In *Cymbeline* a husband embraced by a reconciled wife is given the line: "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die." The plot may be piffle but the words are a wonder. Taken as a play of its period it has its glory, and glory does not invite a tirade.

But tirade there did come from Mr. Shaw. Why was our stage ever cursed with this man Shakespeare, he raged, Shakespeare "with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his complete intellectual sterility . . ."? So he fumed on, line after line, with this concluding knockout: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." It did not occur to Shaw, with his brain functioning like a turbine, that Shakespeare was not in business as an intellectual but as a poet serving a playhouse where reason meant little, passion packed the house, and word-music was as much relished as "the lascivious pleasing of a lute." Shaw could have asked and decided for the benefit of the public whether in this play Shakespeare was laying on the passion and the poetry with due skill or making a mess of it. He did nothing of the kind. He submitted his victim to an Intelligence Test and made him look a booby in that irrelevant examination. Shakespeare could have retorted with the familiar *riposte* of an author heavily attacked: "There was no thought of pleasing you when this was written."

CREATIVE authors with a choleric temperament do not necessarily wait for a chance to review the work of men in the opposite camp. They can bring them into their own books as characters whom any person keeping in touch with the writing of the time will easily recognize. In a book called *Boon*, H. G. Wells had a slap at Henry James in this way. There could be no motive here of financial jealousy, since Wells's sales far outran those of James. Wells was exuberant; he splashed words onto paper vividly, vehemently, and speedily. The delicate and patient precision with which James would construct a sentence and the care with which he would analyze a state of mind to the delight of t intellectuals seemed detestably tim and tortuous to Wells, who therefore lampooned the Anglicized American master of verbal filigree. It could hardly be called a conflict since James remained above the battle. If it was a battle, Wells lost.

Somerset Maugham likewise pilloried Hugh Walpole in his novel *Cakes and Ale*. Again, there could be no financial resentment. There came a middle period in Maugham's career in which he could earn any money he wanted; but he was not then taken very seriously by the loftier critics who were at that time giving Walpole an exalted position which he failed to sustain. Walpole was an unblushing careerist, so obvious in the social and literary maneuvers which he conducted with a kind of coltish personal charm that most of those who watched him on the up-and-up could not help liking him. So when Maugham set out to make him look odious and drew his picture of the assiduous climber, Alroy Kear, in *Cakes and Ale*, Walpole was not the loser. Maugham could carry out an attack of this kind with a sharpness of pen far more effective than the Well ian cudgel. But the readers in bo cases, if they knew who the victim were, felt that this kind of criticism by great creative authors was peevish and petty. The more pompous speakers at public functions of a cultural kind like to boom away about the Great Republic of Letters. If there is such a society it is not improved by authors who go campaigning like ward politicians.

It is an agreeable change to turn from the querulous and malicious aspect of creators' criticism to the exercise of magnanimity and from the use of the dagger to the rendering of aid. Maugham himself could be sage and most sensible in counsel. In his book of biographical reflections called *The Summing Up* he drew on his own experience of immature writing to advise the young idealist with authorship in mind. He had passed through the green-sickness of verbosity and had played with words for words' sake. Told to admire and therefore by implication to imitate the revered gods of sixty years ago—George Meredith in particular—he had to free himself from the allure of self-conscious cleverness. The beginner in any period is fascinated by the kind of writing in fashion an has to surmount the temptations vogue-mimicry. (How many beginners in contemporary fiction have indulged without profit in Salingering?)

Maugham insisted that there is much to learn from the classic masters of fiction, especially in their powers of per-

"Do you know what might be reassuring to have? A hot line to the Archbishop."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistence and their fortifying of quality with quantity. The storyteller must be industrious and study the craft of "direction of interest" and this means a close involvement in the tale that he or she is narrating. He gives examples of this in two famous books, Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* and Flaubert's *L'Education Sentimentale*. Having stated of the former that the two chief female characters are a prig and a fool and the three men lifeless dummies, he adds that Miss Austen "leads" the reader so firmly along the line of her simple story that he never stops to worry about that, while "Flaubert, aiming at a rigid objectivity, directs the reader's interest so little that he is perfectly indifferent to the fortunes of the various characters. This makes the novel very difficult to read. I cannot think of another which has so many merits and leaves so shadowy an impression."

WHILE Maugham as creator-critic is widely helpful in points of technique, other authors have given their assistance by recognition of a talent that has broken the rules and been censured and even fiercely abused for thus kicking over the traditional traces. That the poet Swinburne was a considerable and often generous critic is not always remembered. After he had shocked his seniors in the 1860s with the morals (or lack of them) in *Songs and Ballads* and with the politics of *Songs Before Sunrise*, he was courageously appointed by John Morley, editor of the then important and influential *Fortnightly Review*, to write full-length critical articles. Into these he poured his enthusiasms, not his hates. Here, in the words of his biographer, Edmund Gosse, the work of an author was "not minutely analyzed or coldly condensed, but presented as if by an inspired neophyte, proclaiming a religion in ecstasy." It can be said that rapture and judgment are not identical, but that writers should be enraptured by the work of their contemporaries and say so amply and enthusiastically as a happy change from the dismissals of the envious and the splenetic.

Incidentally, Swinburne, whose critical work was keenly read and made important valuations, was the first Englishman to salute Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, rhapsodizing about "the subtle power of every word of it." Today "subtle" may not be the word deemed most suitable for Whitman, but at a time when Whitmanism was attacked here was a case of poet allied with poet in the battle with conservative opinion. Swinburne had his generosities. He made his peace with James Russell Lowell, who had attacked him vehemently. It is true that in his old age he made some recantations and was

"Don't ask me. He lives his life and I live mine."

no longer the ecstatic herald of new things. But he had done much for other authors.

Swinburne wrote in a period when people had the patience to read long critical articles. Today public taste is usually influenced by much shorter reviews in newspapers that reach more readers and may be written, as they should be written, crisply and clearly and in terms understood by all. Criticism remains in some part the business of a publicist with space and time at his command. It has more notably become the province of the journalist who is short of space and must work to the clock. In coping with the problems of speed and brevity, authors who have written books in plenty and sometimes at length have shown their capacity for coming quickly to the point and making a sharp point, too. The skilful author knows that he can build up a story or a play with a gradual start to a racing climax. There is no such mounting progress for a newspaper man. If he does not say something of interest in the first paragraph, the public's attention can easily wander to the next page. It is not easy to be as gripping with a critical piece as with a news story presented by an expert in reporting. But it is possible and it has been done.

Among those who have achieved this in Britain are Arnold Bennett and J. B. Priestley. Both were writing for London evening papers round about 1930 and both had a large readership. They were both practitioners of the lengthy novel, yet both were extremely efficient in terse and telling criticism. Both were constructive, generous without being soft in their treatment of the trivial. When censuring they refused to raise the easy laughter that lesser men can win with a smart and sneering crack. But they had had the advantage of early work in journalism—Bennett as editor of a woman's magazine, and Priestley as a general writer in the better newspapers and weekly reviews. They had been taught early that confused and portentous writing meant notice to quit.

Naturally a creator-critic is on the side of his profession. He may, as we have seen, be jealous of an individual; but he is on the side of books in general. He wants to encourage readers and to recruit them to the small regiment of book buyers who must be lured into entering bookshops with an appetite instead of regarding them as austere temples in which the common man is icily received. The academic and professorial critics are sometimes so lofty in attitude and style that they act as deterrents. (Fortunately the learned are not always thus.) The "authorities" who deliver judgment from on high—and heights are cloudy places—were called "the mandarins" by Bennett and were given the rough end of his pen.

The mandarins, he said, decide that correct valuation is the function of the critic and assume their ability to make it for all time—a futile ambition, since the history of their craft, as seen down the years, is a history of appalling blunders as well as of occasional felicitous judgments. The creator-critics, whether writing full-length or in columns for the press, are much more concerned with appreciation and dis-

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL M. STEINHAUS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

The Test Ban and Beyond

IT IS important to identify two sets of questions that figure in the Senate consideration of the limited nuclear test ban treaty. These questions are not now being openly discussed, but they are vital nonetheless, and the public is entitled to full disclosure and debate.

Neither set of questions is directly concerned with the merits of the test ban treaty per se. They have nothing to do with radioactivity, or the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries, or the possibility of secret violations. They are strategic issues, fundamental in nature; unless they are fully resolved it is doubtful that measures looking toward a less explosive world can be taken.

The first set of questions has to do with strategy in dealing with the Soviet Union. One group in government believes that the arms race should be pursued as an end in itself, forcing the Soviet Union to divert its resources and its energies away from its domestic economy. According to this argument, Communism cannot survive the indefinite and unremitting pressure of unlimited arms production. Eventually, the people, in a state of acute deprivation, would turn on their masters. This viewpoint was advanced in government councils at one time by the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. President Eisenhower, however, disagreed with this position, believing it would be of definite advantage to the United States for the Soviet Union to improve its domestic economic capacity. He felt that a genuine advance in the living conditions of the Soviet people might be a healthy development, for an economic upgrading would not be an isolated phenomenon. Enhancing the importance of the individual in the economic sphere would mean that his importance in the political, cultural, and religious spheres would be enhanced as well. Under these circumstances, dogmatic Marxism would diminish and the basis for a non-belligerent relationship with Russia might ultimately be established.

This question was considered and debated at the highest levels during the Eisenhower Administration; it persists today. President Kennedy has made his own position clear. He has given priority to the need to reduce and, if possible, to eliminate the mounting danger of a nuclear holocaust. For if this problem is not solved all other problems will be academic. Accordingly, he sees the limited ban on nuclear testing as a place to take hold in coping with the larger problem of establishing effective controls over war itself. On the narrower question of the effects of the arms race on the Soviet economy, there is reason to believe that the President sees far less danger from a government putting most of its resources into the well-being of its citizens than into the accumulation of shattering weapons of surprise attack. Moreover, the maximum threat to the U. S. is likely to come not from a nation that is making a reasonable degree of progress in attending to its own business but from a nation that is seeking to cover up its failures at home with adventures abroad.

The second set of subsurface questions has to do with the American economy. The debate here is between those who fear economic disaster if the nation goes in for serious cutbacks in military spending, and those who see the strongest opportunities in American history for a strengthened economy and for sustained well-being once the arms burden is lifted from the nation's back.

Those who take the former position are fearful that the test ban will lead to even more advanced measures in the field of arms control and reduction. They tend to see the continuation of the arms race as a useful end in itself. In their view, the American economy is now dependent on a high level of military spending; any shift downwards from this level could be serious and even catastrophic. This position is often combined with the conviction that there must be no limitation on the raw fact of military power.

Opponents of this view see all sorts of exciting possibilities for the American economy under the circumstances of reduced military budgets. Men like Ralph Cordiner, Chairman of the Board of General Electric, and Seymour Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, have been pushing ahead with research on the prospects for conversion to non-military projects. They are optimistic about the ability of the American economy to make the transition; what they foresee is not just a situation in which military production can be absorbed, but a situation of substantial expansion.

THERE is no reason why these underlying issues should not be openly debated. The open discussion today may range over a wide variety of other issues, but the subsurface questions figure importantly in the thinking of the men who are called upon to ratify a test ban treaty. This being the case, the public is entitled to a full view and a full debate.

And, as the debate proceeds, an interesting paradox may emerge. It is that some of the men who most loudly proclaim the virtues of the free enterprise system may reveal the least faith in it when the chips are down. They inveigh against an increase in federal powers, but ignore the powerful factor of government involvement when it comes to military projects. They denounce featherbedding and boondoggling but say little about the fact that a frighteningly large part of the American military program today is a vast boondoggle. The situation was bad

(*Continued on page* 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON THE AGENDA

THE CLARITY and cogency of Senator Fulbright's "The American Agenda" [*SR*, July 20] was beautiful in this day of confusion and political double talk. I had become suspicious that no member of our Congress saw our situation clearly enough, or that the problem of separating self-interest from the national interest made decisions too difficult for our Senators and Congressmen. . . . Senator Fulbright's article inspired new hope in the future of America. . . .

JOHN M. HIGGINS.

Palmdale, Calif.

I HAVE NOT encountered anywhere a more logical argument against shooting for the moon at the expense of education than Senator Fulbright's. . . . However, one statement in his article bothers me a great deal: "If the problem of race relations is ever to be solved in America—and I believe it will be—its solution will come by the slow conversion of the human heart through the healing processes of education and not by remedies of a more urgent nature."

Does the Senator mean that this can all be achieved by segregated education?

BENJAMIN FLAX.

Schenectady, N.Y.

MANY THANKS for giving a public forum to Senator Fulbright, whose article expressed for many of us the doubts we have harbored about space and defense projects and their great priority in our national budget. We often feel insufficiently informed to protest against such flagrant overspending and distortion of the values of our nation and its people. So it is gratifying to find some basis and support for one's own views coming from one of the most highly respected men in our nation—and certainly in our Congress.

MRS. ERVIN A. BROWN.

Alexandria, Va.

SENATOR FULBRIGHT speaks with such breadth of scholarship, humanity, and patriotism of the primary question facing our country that I wish his article could be read in every home, school, and university from Maine to Texas. If, as he implies, our scale of priorities is the measure of our civilization, then to sacrifice the educational and employment opportunities of our citizens to gain the prestige of beating the Russians to the moon is sheer lunacy. Perhaps the ancient Romans were not so far off in connecting madness with moonstroke. . . .

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

THERE WAS ample time in the past century to cope at leisure with our problems of employment, education, housing, and transportation. But today it's later than it ever was—far too late for a white Southern Senator to compile an American agenda that consigns the cause of racial equality and civil liberties to the category of an unfortunate "complication."

Senator Fulbright wonders "whether there is something that we are not now doing to fulfil the promise of America." Yes, there is, and federal aid, desirable as it may be, is not that something. Only through education, the Senator assures us, can men of different races learn to live together in full respect for each other's rights. . . . I'd like to know what legislation redressing racial wrongs bears the erudite Senator's name. Where was he when education was ravished in Little Rock? Ross Barnett is educated. And Jim Eastland. And the last time I saw Governor Wallace was on the University of Alabama campus. These are some of the results of reliance for progress in race relations on the Senator's "slow conversion of the human heart" through education. . . .

Significantly, the Senator borrowed the words: "The secret of freedom is courage." . . . Let's have courage where it counts.

ROBERT D. BARNES.

Trevose, Pa.

SENATOR FULBRIGHT has drawn a very lucid and impressive picture of the shape in which education could mold the sociology of America. I doubt if many educated people would disagree with him—in theory. But change such priorities in Congress? Are they made in Congress? If Senator Fullbright cannot accomplish this feat, then what hope have we with all our cultivated illusions created by these very men in the political arena? . . .

I have no doubt that if I wrote to Congress on this matter my letter would be duly acknowledged—cordially. According to all reports their public relations department is excellent. Words, however, are not realities. . . . The power lies in that $20 billion. Let us, at least, face that reality.

FRANCES T. THOMSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We don't handle confessions here, Miss Borden. You'll have to go over to the Market Street Station."

MOST BEAUTIFUL WORDS

THANK YOU very much for R.L.T.'s warm, penetrating editorial, "The Most Beautiful Word" [*SR*, July 20]. I decided to test my English class on their thoughts on the subject. Here are some of their replies: *love, lovely, knowledge, God, Bill, Jesus, mellow, Arlene, blossom, happiness, reasoning, nature, countryside, pretty, niceness, boy friend, beauty, Hawaii,* and *females.*

JOSEPH N. FEINSTEIN.

San Fernando, Calif.

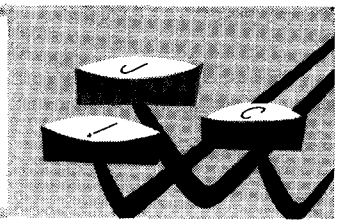
R.L.T.'s editorial strikes home to thinking Americans. We are a smug and truly unappreciative nation. Had we suffered the devastation of bombings, the loss of homes, and the tragedy of raging fires as England and most of Europe did, our children's sense of the good and simple things in life would not merely be listed as *mother, father, television, camp, home,* and *baseball.* . . .

Our children have never known the tragedy of a blackout, so lights on a river and moon in the clouds mean nothing to their TV-cluttered minds. It is a sad commentary indeed, but I think we need a

(*Continued on page* 54)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



BOOK BANNING AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY: From old habit, I keep files of newspaper clippings on subjects that interest me. One sound principle of file-keeping, as I must believe, is to weed the stuff out from time to time. Even a pack rat must sooner or later reach the point of having to give up either his collector's instinct or his burrow. In my case it was thin in or get out.

No real collector, however, can be expected to throw out his accumulated litter without a last browse, and so it was that I found myself reading through a fat file of clippings, gathered at random from papers across the country, describing book censorship actions instigated by one or another group of parents.

As some sort of unchecked audit, I came to the end of the file with the following observations as I chuck it out: that the book most subject to parental indignation still seems to be *Catcher in the Rye*; that the most fervent civic argument about books seems to arise from the PTA; and that when such a PTA pother takes place it seems to start with a teacher giving an assignment, to develop through a telephone campaign, and to conclude in a massive confrontation with the school board, often with citizens on either side of the question exchanging unpleasant names, and always with the school board weaseling about in a foregone effort to find some sort of compromise that may placate the implacable.

I cannot offer these observations as more than random impressions, but I can add as a fairly firm conclusion that every such action to strike books from the school reading lists is sooner or later defended as a blow against juvenile delinquency. Somehow or other the parents of this world seem to believe that juvenile delinquency is substantially a product of adolescent reading habits.

Allow me to doubt that any child becomes a juvenile delinquent because of what he reads. With the possible exception of those sorry cases suffering from birth defects or from functional injuries, how can juvenile delinquency ever be the consequence of anything but parental delinquency? No one, I must argue, has ever become a juvenile delinquent because of a book, or of a hundred, or of a thousand books.

Nor do I mean to imply that parents have no right to censor what their children read. I have argued that my own skittery monsters are free to read anything they please, so long as it is in fact reading. I have, for example, forbidden comic books in the house, but on stylistic rather than moral grounds: if depravity is their goal, let them at least reach it with something like the English language in their mouths. The best I can myself hope for is to fail articulately. Other parents, to be sure, will want to use other controls, but some control there must be. In essence, any responsible parent is some sort of censor.

But before he has any defensible position, he must think enough of his parental responsibility to realize that it is exactly his and cannot be relegated to statute or to the school committee. Neither teacher nor the police can do your parental work for you, mother and dad. You begot your young savages in what I hope was a blissful cooperation: it is up to you to get them into some sort of contact with the human race. Since that contact will normally lead to marriage and parenthood, sex must have something to do with it, and blessed be the thought—blessed, that is, if it can be kept free of the distortions of ignorance, prurience, and guilt.

Leading a child toward humanity is not an easy job, but love can still make it a joyous one. Nor will a compassionate sense of reality destroy love and joy. Every human being who lives to puberty must explore the fact of sex. To make sex the Great Taboo is only to add enticement to the inevitable.

Banning books will not stop adolescents from their explorations. The boys will still meet behind the (now figurative) barn and trade their lurid misinformations and fantasies. The girls will still hold their own little tittery seances with the surreal unmentionable. If only as a private memoir—though I believe every American male adult could give the same testimony—let me enter the act that I have never read on any page, though written with p[illegible] pornographic intent, misinformation gross or sexual anecdoes as lascivious as those exchanged in the powwows of savage adolescence when the boys huddled in a circle and whispered big, ignorant lies for one another's benefit. Nor were we juvenile delinquents. We were adolescent American males, bursting with our uninitiated sexual potency, meticulously guarded from every trace of accurate information, and so conditioned by our society that sex and smut were inseparable in our minds.

There is, to be sure, such a thing as sexy literature. Let me believe, however, that nothing suggests sex more movingly than a girl to a boy and a boy to a girl. And since both seem to be in plentiful supply, that suggestion will, I submit, be made. The response that follows, dear mother and dad, will follow from whatever moral standards you have implanted in your young.

You cannot ask the community to do for your child by censorship what you have not done for him by example. Hide the world from him and he will go to the world in ignorance. Treat sex as a furtive thing and he will probably go to it furtively (though am[illegible] the hopes of this world, none sh[illegible] more promisingly than the eternal resilience with which some children manage to escape into humanity from even the dreariest of parents).

Like it or not, some of the girls at your local high school are in trouble that has to have something to do with some of the boys. Like it or not, some of those boys and girls must belong to some of you. And with no way at all of liking it, some unwanted babies are on their way, and some of the boys and girls are trying some crazy and even criminal stunts in their search for a way out.

If you have to have something to blame for this state of affairs, you might try looking into yourself. It is just possible you might have set a better example. Or if you were too busy for that, you might at least have tried to pass on some accurate information. I know of no moral standards that *can* be damaged by being given a basis in fact, and if you have passed on some such standards, there is hope. If, on the other hand, you have implanted no principles of restraint, some accurate information might at least have serv[illegible] as a safeguard.

But why pretend that a conspira[illegible] to commit moral unreality is a preparation for life? Or that your half-reared savages are sufficiently literary to take their real motivation from books?

—John Ciardi.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews 'It Is Time, Lord," by Fred Chappell
18 The Vanishing Bookstore, by David Dempsey
20 A Precocious Autobiography, by Yevgeny Yevtushenko
22 A History of Soviet Literature, by Vera Alexandrova
23 The Cult of Optimism: Political and Ideological Problems of Recent Soviet Literature, by Walter N. Vickery
24 The Adams Papers: Series II, Family Correspondence, edited by L. H. Butterfield, *et al.*
26 Potomac Squire, by Elswyth Thane
27 The Tenants of Moonbloom, by Edward Lewis Wallant
28 Cat and Mouse, by Günter Grass
28 The Concubine, by Norah Lofts
29 Advocate of the Isle, by Loys Masson
32 The Nobler Pleasure: Dryden's Comedy in Theory and Practice, by Frank Harper Moore; The Critical Opinions of John Dryden: A Dictionary, by John M. Aden; John Dryden's Imagery, by Arthur W. Hoffman
53 *SR's* Check List of Current Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Thirty Years with a Stranger

ANOTHER gifted young writer has made his appearance. He is Fred Chappell, and his first novel is *It Is Time, Lord* (Atheneum, $3.95). He was born in 1936, and, like Reynolds Price, who is a little bit his senior, is a native of North Carolina and is associated with Duke University.

The narrator, James Christopher, begins with reminiscences of his childhood. These are not arranged in chronological order but according to some pattern of association, so that the boy may be three or ten or thirteen. Dreams and made-up stories mingle with memories, and quite different versions are given of the same incident. The uncertainty of memory is one of Chappell's major themes.

Despite a certain deliberate vagueness, the hill-country farm is real enough, and so are its people. James lives with his mother and father, who are schoolteachers, with his grandfather and grandmother, and with a younger sister. The grandparents play a larger part in his life than do his parents. His grandmother is enormously energetic and hard-working, taking most of the responsibility for the management of the farm. The grandfather, a builder, talks to the boy intimately, plays chess and other games with him, and tells him stories.

As James's memories unfold, there are many touches of great vividness:

> My grandfather spent most of the winter before the cast-iron stove in the warm blue room. The stove was wood-burning; the top slipped sideways on a socket hinge and chunks of wood were thrust in. Ashes and coals fell into a long, narrow trough beneath the grates. I used to lie on my belly on the floor and gaze through a small window into this trough. Everything grew small and the dropped cinders were great boulders and mountains. The scene was illuminated by the red-orange glare of the fire above. It was as arid as sand, and live coals dropped in through the grates, splashing the walls with sparks. This is the best notion of hell. When I would dream or daydream of going to hell I always wound up in the bottom of that stove.

Here is a landscape:

> The barns were on a hill, and I could stand in the road by them and see time itself stretching and breathing below in the bright days. In winter we pastured steers and yearlings in the bottom fields, where they grazed on the tough rye grass we had sown in midsummer. The cattle, "calves" they were called, all faced in the same direction, north-northwest, as they cropped in the mornings. About noon they all rested, lying among the broken cornstalks or on the bald spot where tobacco had grown. In the afternoon they began retracing their journey, grazing southeast toward the barns. Again I was reminded of the black and red counters of the chess game. The steers in the field were red-and-white or black-and-white.

Abruptly the manuscript shifts to the present, with James in his thirtieth year. He tells the reader something about himself, but this is to some extent an imagined self—he says, for instance, that he is a Methodist minister, which is not true. What we do know about James is that he is in a desperate situation. He has given up his job, drinks too much, is unfaithful to his wife. The wife is long-suffering. ("I don't like to go home drunk and guilty," he says. "Where does that get you. It never got me anything but comfort from Sylvia. So that pretty soon I felt twice as guilty as before.") All and all, he is in a bad way.

The novel now moves freely between past and present. We are given more episodes from James's past, including the death and burial of his grandfather, and new light is thrown on other incidents. As for James at present, his life seems singularly unpleasant. We see his dull drinking companions and the stupid woman with whom he sleeps. He is as disgusted

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his life as we are, but he does not know how to change it.

Yet he wants to change, and he is searching his past in order to find some guidepost for his future, but the search is difficult:

> This is the kind of thing the past is: it is not unchanging. It grows up soon with weeds and underbrush like a dangerous trail. It sours and rots like old meat in the mind. It is a huge sea with titanic currents—like any sea. And he who fishes it must use a golden hook, he must plunge himself as bait into its depths, and if his past does not devour and destroy him wholly, his luck is insuperable.

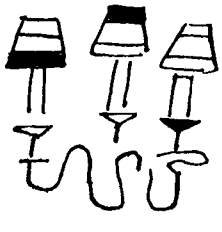
The past is as mysterious as the future:

> I am certain (and I am trying with my whole strength to kill self-pity) that my past life would master me, would grasp me up and shake me, like a dog shaking a rag doll. My memory of former days is a wound which can in a moment make itself known by uncorking a rotten stink. Like Philoctetes, I must cherish my wound; like Actaeon, my bad memories tear at me, first ripping away the beast's skin within which I have hidden myself. Yet he who snatches away my mask snatches me too, for I am bound to my mask with a bloody glue.

I must admit that not all of Chappell's philosophizing about the relationship between past and present is clear to me. Furthermore, I am not sure how James got into the mess that he is in. Nor do I understand the ending: has James found a solution of his problems, and, if so, how? Chappell has tried hard to be both profound and subtle, but I am afraid that some of the time he is merely obscure.

Nevertheless, in spite of these reservations, I like the novel very much. As my quotations should have indicated, the writing is fresh and vigorous. Chappell has a sharp eye for telling details, and his imagery is powerful. Although I feel confident that he will write better novels than *It Is Time, Lord,* this is by no means a bad book. If the self-searching hero sometimes loses himself and us in morasses of speculation, he is at other times perfectly clear and wholly alive. Chappell has many gifts, and it will be interesting to watch him bring them to maturity.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.



THE PUBLISHING SCENE

The Vanishing Bookstore

A BOOKSELLERS' convention is one at which shop owners damn the publishers by day and drink at their expense by night. As any convention delegate will tell you, this is a most unorthodox type of coexistence. (As nearly as I can make out, the bookseller applies the half-Nelson while the publisher responds with mouth-to-mouth breathing.) The problem of retailer-publisher relations was examined again at the recent annual meeting of the American Booksellers Association in Washington, and although one might wish that store owners would change the needle—or, in the case of the better

shops, the stylus—there is considerable basis for their pessimism about the future.

The bookstore as we have known it in America is a vanishing institution, losing out in its importance as a cultural force in the community, failing in its status as a business, and, relative to population growth, declining in numbers. Whether or not all this is the fault of the publishers—as ABA members like to maintain—there is no doubt that something is wrong. In a study made some few years ago, the Department of Commerce ranked bookselling forty-ninth in a list of fifty retail businesses rated for profitability. Although the Bowker trade catalogue of booksellers list about 8,500 establishments—many of which are drug and cigar stores that sell books as a sideline—the ABA membership is barely 2,000, and Director Joseph Duffy estimates that fewer than ninety of these do a busines of $100,000 a year in books alone.

Moreover, the book dealer is getting an ever-smaller "share of market." For example, libraries account for some 60 per cent of the average trade publisher's cloth-bound, non-textbook sales. And, while sales of adult trade books, hard-bound, rose by about 84 per cent from 1952-1961, book club sales went up 92 per cent. This is a good indication of what is happening, since the clubs' choices are roughly comparable to the retailer's staple items—the hard-bound "new" book. Yet in this category the clubs outsold the stores, in 1961, by $28,000,000. Dan Lacy, managing director of the American Book Publishers Council, estimates that "four general books out of five bought by or for American adults come to them through book club or mass market channels." Today many customers go to a retail store (if they can find one) only for the book of limited interest, which the discounters and book clubs don't sell.

Writing in *Publishers' Weekly,* Theodore Wilentz, co-owner of the Eighth Street Bookshop in New York, states flatly: "For all practical purposes, publishers have written off the possibility of any growth in bookshops; instead they keep working on ways to bypass them . . . Some publishers will not sell retail at all. Others will not try to get orders but will fill the unsolicited ones that come to them." Wilentz adds that one result of the decline in the state of bookselling is the disappearance of the "professional book clerk," so that the major service provided by the independent bookstore—"personal attention and care"—is also in danger of going out the window.

Wilentz's indictment is buttressed by another book dealer, Goddard Light, of Rye, N.Y. In the *Journal of the American Library Association* for June 1963 Mr. Light cites a "list of publisher market-place priorities":

1. Subsidiary rights
   Book clubs
   Magazines
   Movies
2. Publishers' direct sales
   Mail-order
   Direct mail
3. Schools and libraries
4. Retail stores

Mr. Light adds that in self-protection the bookseller has had to set up his own priorities, one of which is to "pander to the public taste of the moment no matter how unworthy it might be," and another to "fill [one's] establishment with all sorts of salable merchandise and justify its presence on the grounds of economics." "If this trend continues," he comments, "there will be no real book stores in the country."

Finally, by way of rounding off the argument, Edward Shils, in the Winter 1963 issue of *Daedalus,* comes forth

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the unique theory that today bookselling "requires a certain decay, not only to provide a congenial atmosphere for the amiable, mad, or mousy people who are willing to undertake the unrewarding work of investing in and operating them, but also because the turnover and the margins of the book trade are too small to permit high rentals to be paid."

The book business being no less free enterprise than any other, publishers are not likely to change their habits in order to satisfy a "decaying" system of retail distribution—at least, not while Uncle Sam carries "educational materials" at reduced rates. But the publishers have an even better argument, and this is that the majority of Americans cannot buy from a bookstore even when they want to. Taking cities of 50,000 as the dividing line, 64 per cent of our population lives in towns too small, on the average, to support an independent book dealer. (For that matter, there is only one bookstore in the state of Montana that does enough volume to justify membership in the ABA.) The tripling of book sales over the past fifteen years has occurred largely outside the retail channels, and this has happened only because publishers have been willing to develop new merchandising concepts. The bookseller has become the victim of a trend that his own built-in limitations have made inevitable.

The most successful stories today are the chains (*e.g.*, Doubleday, Brentano's) that have bucked the old-line "image" by settling down in high-rent districts and dispensing books—along with cocktail napkins, records, and greeting cards—as though they were just another commodity. The stores are floodlit, and no mousy clerk need apply. Doubleday, for example, operates two large stores within five blocks of each other on Fifth Avenue, with a combined annual gross of almost $3,000,000.

This, of course, is of help only to customers who live in the comparatively few cities where the Brentano's and Doubleday chains operate. But even the "outsider" gets books easier than he used to, although the books he does get are likely to be those that the publishers find most profitable to distribute by mail or through the clubs. The remaining 10 to 20 per cent, who buy in small retail stores, no longer exert much leverage on editorial taste; and those of us who persist in this sentimentality will just have to decay away on some side street, knowing that, in Mr. Shil's words, we frequent "the habitat of a lively intelligence in touch with the world," but aware, too, that it is a habitat that the even livelier intelligence of modern publishing has made obsolete. —David Dempsey.

Water goddess.

Ala the earth goddess.

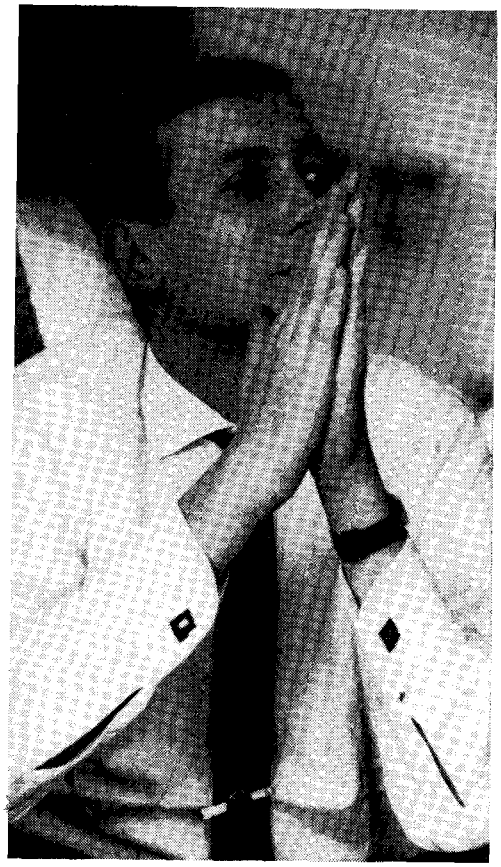
Ala the earth goddess.

Jesus in schoolboy uniform.

From a Handful of Dust: "Ala, as the goddess of creation, demands from her worshippers that from time to time they exercise their divinely inspired faculty of creation," writes Ulli Beier in *African Mud Sculpture* (Cambridge Univ. Press, $4.95). The creation of the earthen images is a sacred act, often shared in by many members of a village. Since the figures last only a few years and require constant replacement, they reflect the day-to-day life of the people: tribal religion mingles with Christianity, ancient tradition with newer experiences. Thus Jesus appears dressed as a schoolboy, and gods and kings appear in the uniform of district officers, with pith helmets and wristwatches. The book is a fascinating introduction to an art that, because of its perishability, can be seen only on its native soil in West Africa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poet-Hero of the Young at Heart



—*Black Star.*

Yevgeny Yevtushenko — "pushing the outer frontiers of permissible freedom."

A Precocious Autobiography, *by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew (Dutton. 124 pp. $3.50), sketches the highlights in the life of a Russian poet who fights with verse prejudice and injustice. Marvin Kalb, who is diplomatic correspondent for CBS News in Washington, recently returned from a three-year tour in Moscow.*

By MARVIN KALB

THIS *is* a precocious autobiography. Its author, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, has just turned thirty—an unusually tender age to be writing one's memoirs. The book represents his first major work of prose; Yevtushenko is a poet, and has been ever since he was six. But even more eye-opening, given the erratic pulse of Soviet cultural life these days, is the fact that it was written for a Western audience without advance censorship by Moscow's literary authorities.

And therein lies an intriguing tale.

Yevtushenko, a rangy iconoclast who has been pushing the outer frontiers of permissible freedom in Khrushchev's Russia for years with unprecedented success, wrote his "autobiography" (actually, it is a rather sketchy summary of the highlights of his life and work, written at potboiler pace) for a progressive French periodical. It was completed early this year, when *L'Express* began publishing it in instalments. No publication date could have been less auspicious.

Soviet cultural leaders, responding as always to political pressure, were under severe attack by conservative bureaucrats in the Communist Party for not "breathing the lofty principles of Marxism-Leninism" into literature, movies, and music. Avant-garde poets and composers were maliciously and fiercely criticized by Party ideologists and jealous colleagues. A sharp-tongued campaign, led by Khrushchev, who earlier had been unofficially regarded as "literary agent" for the avant-garde, swept the country; and a Central Committee meeting was called for mid-June to lay down a new cultural line.

The drive to reimpose the "new" line was sidetracked by more critical problems: the serious illness of Frol Kozlov, a ranking Presidium member, and the savage Peking attack against the Kremlin's leadership. Nevertheless throughout the dark spring of 1963 Yevtushenko was singled out for special abuse. In the narrow mind of the Communist bureaucrat, as in the expanding mind of the young intellectual, the magnetic poet stood out in sharp relief as the undisputed leader of the movement towards greater self-expression.

It took courage to publish his autobiography in France, especially at a time when Russia was grappling with the delicate problem of controlling freedom in a controlled society. Yevtushenko's descriptions of editor and writer, trapped in the pressure-cooker of conformity, are absorbing. Typical is his story of how he waited in an editor's office for hours until the decision was finally made to publish *Babi Yar*, his attack on anti-Semitism. French readers found Yevtushenko's frankness fascinating; the same cannot be said of Moscow's officials, who found it embarrassing and unnecessary. Now, with Khrushchev flirting once again with the West, the pressure on Yevtushenko has eased considerably. The black clouds of suspicion and doubt that settled over him a few months ago have now begun to lift; and Zhenya, as he is affectionately called, can be expected to pop back into print much sooner than had been anticipated.

Yevtushenko is resilient. His autobiography proves this simple yet impressive fact. Born near Lake Baikal, in Siberia, on July 18, 1933, of a "revolutionary" mother and an "intellectual" father, who were later divorced (not for political reasons, Yevtushenko stresses, but for psychological ones), Zhenya shuttled back and forth between Moscow and Siberia until after the war, when he finally settled down in Moscow with his mother. This made for good experiences but little formal education. He learned to love the Russian people and to respect their capacity for growth in adversity. "Although I came across many bad people," he writes, "I grew more and more convinced that the good were in the majority. I still believe this today."

When Yevtushenko was not quite sixteen, he sold his first poem. It was published in *Soviet Sport*, an unlikely platform for launching a literary career. His writing was facile, and his poems became popular. At the beginning, he

> THE BOURGEOIS PRESS is obviously superficial in its approach to depth of content and artistic quality in the verses of such of our "sons" as, for instance, Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. This can be explained by a desire to see in these "sons" the bards of some kind of opposition to the "fathers," by a wish to use these young names for purposes that have nothing to do with literature. Naturally, this sort of biased attitude can bring about nothing but sensationalism and inflict harm, first of all, on these poets, young not so much in age as in skill. I feel I need hardly emphasize that I say this only because I wish that these poets take a more serious and responsible attitude to their calling. If I remember correctly, Alexander Blok said that a poet should have a destiny instead of a career.
> —Alexander Tvardovsky, *editor-in-chief of* Novy Mir, *in an interview with Henry Shapiro, UPI correspondent, printed in* Current Soviet Documents.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recounts, he often naïvely omitted the customary references to Stalin. His editors would add them. "Fine. That's all right with me," he would say.

Like many other intellectuals, Yevtushenko experienced fleeting moments of doubt about Stalin's "genius"—but, generally, Zhenya "believed" in Stalin. It was only after March 6, 1953, the day the Premier died, that Yevtushenko changed his mind and began to doubt Stalin's greatness. Although he left Moscow for Siberia to find "peace and spiritual balance," he was to be disappointed. "The whole of Russia was one immense sea of doubt." His two-and-a-half-page description of Stalin's funeral, the literary highlight of this brief book, ranks with the great and moving passages in recent Russian literature.

It was from that day, "the turning point of my life," that Yevtushenko marks his growth as a human being and as a poet. "A feeling of responsibility, not only for myself but for our whole country, came upon me and I felt its crushing weight on my shoulders." Feeling keenly and personally the tie between poet and society, he uses his verse to fight prejudice and injustice. Yet his unflinching faith in Russia shines through his poetry with clarity and enviable purpose.

Yevtushenko has achieved a unique position in Russian letters; he is a leader of men and movements. He knows it and enjoys the role. While tantalizingly unsatisfying in the strict sense of an autobiography, *his* explanation of Yevtushenko makes compelling reading. I recommend it highly.

WHY THEN, after all I have said about the superfluity of writing memoirs, have I agreed to write an autobiographical sketch? The reason is that many articles that fall into the hands of Western readers represent me as something different from what I am. I am often represented as a colorful figure, startling against the gray background of Soviet society.

This is not what I am at all.

Many Soviet people hate the same things that I hate. What I am fighting for is just as dear to many of them.

There are people who bring to a society their own original ideas and make that society stronger through these ideas. Theirs is perhaps the highest form of creativity, but I am not of their number.

My poetry is only the expression of moods and ideas already present in Soviet society but which had not so far been expressed in verse. Had I not been there, someone else would have expressed them.

Am I now contradicting what I said before about the poet being, above all, an individual?

Not in the least.

In my opinion, only in a person with a strong, well-defined personality can what is held in common by many be combined and fused.

I should very much like to spend my life expressing the so-far unexpressed ideas of many, while remaining myself. Indeed, if I ceased to be myself, I would not be able to express them . . .

ALTHOUGH I came across many bad people, I grew more and more convinced that the good were in the majority. I still believe this today. Unfortunately, I also noticed that the wicked usually hang together even when they hate each other. This is their strength. Good people, however, are more scattered and this is their weakness.

I also arrived at a new and different yardstick by which to measure a man's culture. I became convinced that culture is not the sum of what a man knows but his ability to sort people out, to understand them and to help them.

From this point of view many of the most educated people I met were much less cultured than ignorant soldiers, peasants, workers, and even criminals.

For me the aristocrats of the spirit are not those who can quote from books for hours on end, starting with Plato and ending with Kafka and Joyce.

For me the aristocrats of the spirit are those whose hearts are open to others. To my mind, even the most educated people, if their education doesn't stop them from being scoundrels or even helps them to be scoundrels more successfully, are the rabble. . . .

THERE seems to me to be only one way of being young: it is to be young spiritually. This is the youthfulness that unites the best of my own and of the older generation in their struggle and their work. The best of the younger generation may wear narrow trousers, like jazz music, even dance to rock 'n' roll, but this does not in any way prevent them from believing in the Revolution. They read Hemingway, Remarque, Salinger, Kerouac, and Kingsley Amis, they see foreign films and the plays of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, and they stand in an endless line when there is an exhibition of Picasso or Léger. This doesn't prevent them from criticizing what is wrong in bourgeois culture and fighting for their own socialist culture. It is only that their tastes have become more varied and their horizons have widened. This is precisely what the dogmatists refuse to see.

THE FIRST MISTAKE made by Western students of the Russian Revolution is to judge the revolutionary idea not by those who are genuinely loyal to it, but by those who betray it.

Their other mistake is that they still regard the idea of communism as something imposed by force on the Russian people, without realizing that by now it is a part of the Russian people's flesh and blood.

"Russia," Lenin once said, "has paid for Marxism with her suffering." What he had in mind was the Czarist past. But it was not only with her suffering under the Czars that Russia paid the price of Marxism: she also paid it with the errors made and the torments she endured in the course of building a socialist society.

I love my fellow countrymen not only as a Russian but also as a revolutionary. I love them all the more because in spite of everything they have never become cynical, they have never lost their faith in the original purity of the revolutionary idea in spite of all the filth that has since desecrated it.

I hate the cynics with their lordly view of history, their scorn for the heroic labors of my countrymen, whom they try to represent as a lost flock of sheep, their skill for lumping the good with the bad and spitting at the whole thing, and their utter inability to offer any constructive alternative.

But dogmatism, which I regard as revisionism in one of its most horrible forms, is just as hateful to me. . . .

It is true that dogmatism can be unselfishly fanatical, but much more often —as I have realized ever since my childhood—it serves as a cloak for selfish vested interests.

One should not confuse ideas with the unworthy men who use them as weapons in their personal struggle for survival. And since . . . communism has become the very essence of the Russian people, it follows that both cynics and dogmatists are not only traitors to the Revolution, but traitors to their own people as well.

—*From "A Precocious Autobiography."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quiet Flows Their Prose

A History of Soviet Literature, *by Vera Alexandrova, translated by Mirra Ginsburg (Doubleday. 369 pp. $5.50), indicates that forty-five years under communism have not been the Procrustean bed for literary creativity pessimistically predicted. Ludmilla N. Shapiro, a native of Russia, is a free-lance journalist and Moscow correspondent.*

By LUDMILLA N. SHAPIRO

THERE has been little critical and scholarly effort to analyze and explain the basic continuity of modern Russian and Soviet literature from their common roots in the great Russian liberal literature of the nineteenth century. Gleb Struve's pioneering *History of Soviet Literature*, which has become a collector's item, concludes with the literary developments up to 1956; Vera Alexandrova's work carries the story through 1961 and just misses the recent crackdown on new trends in Soviet writing. Nevertheless her book does show that forty-five years of attempted direction of literature from the top have failed to produce the uniformity and sterility pessimistically predicted. The five-year period between Struve's and Alexandrova's histories was remarkable for the geometric progression of Khrushchevian relaxation in Soviet cultural life and the appearance of a number of books whose publication would have been inconceivable in the later phase of the Stalin era.

Alexandrova's book, which is not a conventional history, contains a wealth of information that will be welcome to academic specialists, and yet it is immensely readable. Chapters on individual writers combine colorful biographical sketches with thorough analyses of their works. This is particularly true of earlier Soviet writers like Sergey Yesenin, Mikhail Prishvin, and Konstantin Paustovsky, whom the author appears to know better and has more sympathy for than for those of a later generation.

Explaining the principle of selection, Miss Alexandrova writes, "Occasionally, my choice was in some measure determined by the desire to acquaint readers with writers who are almost entirely unknown to them." One could question whether this is a valid approach to what is entitled *A History of Soviet Literature*. One might also question certain inclusions and emphases. Ivan Bunin is neither little known to Western readers nor can he be properly called a Soviet writer. He left Russia four years after the Revolution, and his works abroad were not regarded either by him or by Soviet scholars as contributions to Soviet literature. Yet Vera Alexandrova devotes a disproportionate amount of space to Bunin, and almost entirely disregards the two outstanding Soviet satirists, "Ilf and Petrov" (Ilya Fainzilberg and Yevgeny Petrovich Katayev), whose delightful picaresque novels have become a must for two generations of Soviet readers.

In this connection one could also debate the author's characterization of another Soviet satirist, Mikhail Zoshchenko, as the "only one name in Soviet literature that invariably evokes in the reader's mind the image of a 'gay writer,' a 'king of laughter.'"

IN MY opinion, Vera Alexandrova would have been correct if she had confined herself to the Zoshchenko of the 1920s, when he dominated the field of satire. In the Thirties and Forties Zoshchenko bore the brunt of "Zhdanovschina," the tyranny of Stalin's cultural commissar, Andrei Zhdanov. Though partially rehabilitated and republished after Stalin's death, Zoshchenko had lost his hold on Soviet readers.

The new generation simply cannot understand what made their parents laugh. Today's average reader is inclined to find Zoshchenko's language rather crude and vulgar and, what is more important, completely archaic. By contrast, Ilf and Petrov's *Twelve Chairs* and *The Little Golden Calf* [to be published in one volume Sept. 10 by Random House] still sell by the millions, and their characters have become household words. Pushkin's observation about Griboyedov's comedy *Woe to Wit*, that "half of the language will become proverbs," is applicable to Ilf and Petrov. They are the true "kings of laughter" in the Soviet Union.

Alexandrova's assessment of Vladimir Mayakovsky, the "poet laureate" of the Russian Revolution, is on the whole sober and balanced, especially with regard to the poet's artistic and ideological conflicts. Yet it might be asked whether one could plausibly analogize, as she does, Mayakovsky's differences with the Soviet regime to Pushkin's conflict with czarism.

Mayakovsky's last major work, *At the Top of My Voice*, written shortly before he committed suicide, constitutes an apparently sincere acceptance of communism. "It was not written with ink but with the blood of his heart," a noted American scholar once said. Many Western studies of Mayakovsky, Alexandrova's included, pay scant attention to what is in effect the poet's political credo. It bears more than cursory analysis.

On the basis of personal observation of Soviet schools I cannot agree with Vera Alexandrova that Mayakovsky really represents "two poets," one whose officially selected and carefully edited poems are taught in courses on literature, and the second an unofficial and popular bard.

Mayakovsky, as much as the less politically minded and more intimately lyrical Sergey Yesenin, today remains one of the best-loved and most frequently quoted poets of the older generation of Soviet writers.

In view of the controversy now raging in Moscow as to whether there is a "conflict of generations," it is interesting to note Vera Alexandrova's characterization of the "abyss" between the "fathers and sons" of Soviet literature:

> The literary pioneers of the early Twenties hurried to show the details of the new revolutionary life, avoiding the look into the inner lives of their heroes. The younger writers of today center all their attention on man in his unique individuality.
>
> This shift of attention to *man* is a guarantee that these young writers will not yield their birthright to the "old men," that they will continue to insist, as they do today, on being the spokesmen and interpreters of their own time.

Welcome as the author's evaluation of the works of some of the "angry young men" of contemporary literature —Yevtushenko, Yury Nagibin, and Yury Kazakov—will be to readers and students of Soviet literature, one feels that they deserve a little more space than Vera Alexandrova has given them. There is no denying their impressive contribution to Soviet literature and the imprint they have already made on today's average reader, who is infinitely more cultivated and sophisticated than the one Vera Alexandrova knew so well in an earlier period.

It can only be hoped that subsequent editions of this scholarly and perceptive study will delve deeper into the literary explosion that erupted shortly after Stalin's death.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better Read Than Dead

The Cult of Optimism: Political and Ideological Problems of Recent Soviet Literature, *by Walter N. Vickery (Indiana University Press. 189 pp. $5), finds that Soviet writers, freed from Stalin's oppression, still fret under communist control. Melville J. Ruggles, occasional traveler to the USSR, has contributed several articles on Soviet literature to scholarly journals.*

By MELVILLE J. RUGGLES

WALTER N. VICKERY reviews the interplay of politics, ideology, and literature in the Soviet Union from 1946 through 1957 and somewhat beyond, tracing the progress of Soviet writers from stultification in Stalin's last years to relative freedom in the Party-controlled thaw. His study is an excellent introduction to the present period of reaction against a movement that Soviet leaders apparently thought was getting out of hand, when pseudo-freedom seemed to them to show an alarming tendency to discard its prefix.

Vickery's main thesis is that Soviet writers feel themselves oppressed by a requirement to be optimistic. On examination, however, the "cult of optimism" he discerns appears to be nothing more than "socialist realism" (depiction of Soviet life not as it is but as the Party says it will be or ought to be), which has been the fundamental canon of artistic work in the USSR for more than thirty years.

The author concludes that the relaxation of controls over writers since Stalin's death has developed about as far as can be expected. He sees no prospect for further improvement until communism itself loses its momentum.

Scholarly caution perhaps inhibited Professor Vickery from drawing certain conclusions about Soviet writers toward which his evidence points. He sees a "moral protest" based "fundamentally on the idealistic demand for complete sincerity." At the same time he emphasizes that the dissent does not represent "disloyalty to the Party" but is aimed rather toward building "a better and finer, more idealistic Party."

Contemporary Soviet authors, too young to have been compromised under Stalin, may honestly clamor for "sincerity." But they understand that rocking the boat might bring back to the helm a facsimile of Stalin. The quality of their "sincerity" must therefore be strained. Yevtushenko, one of the principal "dissident" poets, may well have been sincere both in Moscow, when his verse boldly insisted upon a search for truth, and in Havana, where he extolled the truth as prescribed by the Kremlin. Soviet writers hailed Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign as an act of profound sincerity. Never, at least publicly, has a Soviet writer been sufficiently "sincere" to ask what Khrushchev was doing during the criminal era of Stalin nor to recognize the political expediency of the anti-Stalinist propaganda: it served both as an emotional release for artists and their public and as a platform on which Khrushchev could build his personal political image.

Professor Vickery warns against using Soviet literature to expose vices in the USSR as if they were unique: *e.g.*, in criticizing various faults in the USSR, Soviet writers hardly imply approval of an equally culpable Western society. Unfortunately, in one or two instances the author leans too far backwards in seeking parallel defects in East and West. He ends his book with the proposition that bureaucracy and good literature are incompatible. Pericles, Lorenzo de' Medici, Stalin, Hitler, and de Gaulle have all headed bureaucracies, but there have been vast differences in the welfare of arts and artists under their various regimes. The Soviet bureaucracy differs from most others in history in the togetherness of bureaucrat and artist and in the low common denominator of esthetics that they share.

IT is strange that Western critics seldom point out the fundamental cause of the abysmal state of most of the arts in the USSR. When the Communists seized power they destroyed in one way or another most of the intellectuals of the old regime and later eliminated the few within their own ranks. Soviet writers today have no direct lineage from their predecessors, who knew that true art can be created only by minds that are utterly free, infinitely subtle, and eternally questioning. For two generations Soviet writers have been trained to accept ultimate authority, and the ultimate authorities (who are also self-appointed arbiters of the arts) have been boors. When Khrushchev hears the word "culture" he reaches for his Ukrainian proverb. His weapon may be less deadly than a Lüger but it is not much more subtle.

Out of Time

By Augustus Napier

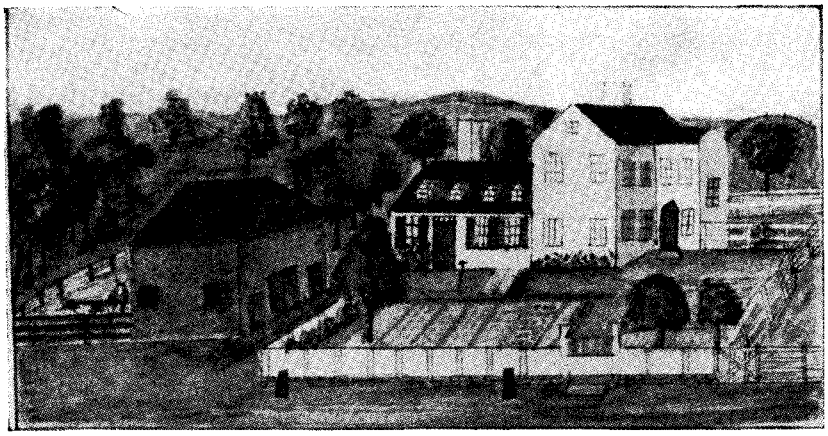
THE watch that clasps my wrist is not
a leech, though it draws my life out;
it is not a shackle, though it limits much.
The round upon its round is not
a sun, a moon, a human face:
time calms these to circles,
cycles, vacant as a sightless eye.

I once thought the thin cold
hand of grandaddy God had seized
my thoughtless arm; but no. It is
a still and silent circle through which
my blood frees and sings itself.
It is a seed's dry husk, broken
to begin the subtle tree of flesh.
And it is the mouth of a long, landbound river
that gropes into the great sea space.

Time is that quiet ground we walk,
where the berry sprouts by the moving river—
its death an anniversary of God.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magic Mail of John and Abigail



—*From the book.*

Abigail Adams's birthplace in Weymouth.

The Adams Papers: Series II, Family Correspondence, *edited by L. H. Butterfield, et al. (Harvard University Press. 2 vols., 914 pp. Set, $17.50), reveal two intense, individualized intellectuals who were each other's "Dearest Friend." Margaret L. Coit teaches at Fairleigh Dickinson University and is co-author of two forthcoming volumes of American history: "The Growing Years" and "The Sweep Westward."*

By MARGARET L. COIT

APPEARANCE of the first two volumes of the Adams family papers is an event that has been eagerly awaited by historians, from the President of the United States on down. They will not be disappointed. Superbly edited, beautifully printed, and magnificently written, in large part by John and Abigail Adams themselves, this saga of private lives in times of great public peril is as moving and dramatic as anything that has been put between covers in recent years. Not the most artfully contrived work of fiction or the most vividly reconstructed history can approach the dramatic immediacy of Adams's report to Abigail in 1777 that Howe's army was but fifteen miles from the American capital, but "We shall not move until the last Necessity"; or that "Benedict Arnold has been basely slandered and libelled. The Regulars say 'he fought like Julius Caesar.'" No less eloquent sound Abigail's words, written from a house shaken by the cannonading on Bunker Hill and illumined with the glare of burning Charlestown: "The flame is kindled and like Lightning it catches from Soul to Soul."

Who more vividly than John, away at the Continental Congress, voiced the fears of an absent father? "The sound of cannon was not so terrible when I was at Braintree as it is here, tho I hear it at four hundred Miles Distance." It comes as a delightfully humorous shock to meet "the brave and amiable General Washington," acting as mailman in the delivery of a letter from John to Abigail, or to read John's urgent plea to his wife: "Will you come and have the small Pox here? . . . Let me please myself with the thought."

Many of the more important of these letters were published in whole or in part during the nineteenth century. However, rigorous editorial pruning by Charles Francis Adams softened or deleted entirely references to rascally politicians, runaway soldiers, selfish neighbors, black market prices, food and clothing shortages, and the bluntly frank wording of the eighteenth century. But all that was then omitted is now restored, and to read these letters as written is like looking through a window into the American past. Words are hardly adequate to praise the merits of these two volumes, which, incidentally, represent only a fragment of what will be the most monumental project in American letters—the publication of *all* the significant Adams papers—a living record of 160 years of one family caught in the mainstream of world history. Funds for this gigantic enterprise are being contributed by Time, Inc.

The first four volumes, comprising the diary and autobiography of John Adams, were necessarily dominated by the downright, forthright Mr. Adams himself. But now he has met his match in his mate, the captivating Abigail, equally wise, equally witty, and as ardent a patriot as he. No saint, by any means, she was delightfully human, she was beset with the New England sin of overweening criticalness, carped snobbishly about her sister's marriage, and gave way to occasional fears and fits of loneliness. Although she was deeply regretful that she lacked a Harvard education, but her spelling is no more original than her husband's.

Communication—or, rather, the lack of it—was the Adamses' enemy, as it has proved to be the friend of posterity. Great letter writers all, they reached out to each other across the centuries and across the oceans. Yet often letters did not arrive for weeks at a time, or five would come at once, or none at all. John waited during agonized, irritated. weeks for any news whatever from Saratoga. "I want a Bird of Passage," Abigail complained. During the most significant sessions of the Continental Congress, John was pledged to secrecy even with her. Otherwise, he declared, "I would lay open to you the whole system of politicks and war."

THEREFORE, as the editors explain, these volumes are more a history of feelings than of facts. Often the supposed facts were wrong, as, for instance, the rumored murder abroad of Benjamin Franklin. But solid nuggets of information do emerge. We share John's sorrow as he surveys an Army Potter's Field, a "Congregation of the dead"; learn that camp diseases killed ten men for every one destroyed by the British, that almost all of Washington's Army had to be inoculated against smallpox, that the women of Boston raided a warehouse for flour, that Quakers were rounded up and put in concentration camps, and that the moral climate in New York City was not at all unlike what it is today. John was inclined to dismiss his letters as mere "Tittle Tattle," perhaps of some interest to posterity. Abigail urged that he burn hers, to which he responded: "Your letter made my heart throb . . . You bid me burn your Letters. But I must forget you first."

This intensity is characteristic. The marriage of John and Abigail Adams was a love affair that deepened with every year of their lives. The early courtship of "Lysander" and "Miss Adorable" is but froth on the tidal wave that eventually encompassed them.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lightly, John twitted his love for hanging her "Head like a Bulrush," and sitting with the Leggs across"; lightly, she responded that she would remember not to hang her head, but a gentleman had "no business to concern himself about the Legges of a Lady!"

The testing of their marriage came in the grim year of 1775-76. A hideous dysentery epidemic swept through New England, taking Abigail's mother and a young serving girl. Refugees from Boston flooded the household. There was no flour; bakers doled out a loaf of bread a day to large families. Meat was available only at black market prices, which were even worse for clothes. "You are really brave, my dear, you are a heroine," John wrote. Because the ravages of smallpox were less if the disease were taken through inoculation, Abigail had herself and the four children inoculated; each took the disease slowly and successively. Then she discovered herself to be pregnant. This was for her a pleasant "reminder of an absent Friend," but for John a time of desperate anxiety, for any comfort offered or asked could arrive only weeks after the event was concluded. Yet they wrote and struggled to share. Ill, unable to sleep, Abigail longed for his soothing; he wrote of his "Heart in pain for my dearest Friend . . . Oh that I could be near . . . or take . . . a share of her Distress." When the "sweet little Girl" was born dead, each mourned bitterly. At the year's end John came home, only to be named Minister to France, and Abigail's weary heart broke. How she faced this new plot against her happiness forms the moving climax to the second volume.

In the age of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* it is comforting to realize that there was a marriage like this: that two intense, individualized intellectuals could have become each other's "Dearest Friend" and yet have remained lovers, loving each other all the more because of their unconcealed admiration for each other and their ability each to feel what the other was feeling. Surely, these letters will rout the myth of the stern, rockbound Puritan of New England.

Yet they will also puzzle Freudians, who believe that only a well-adjusted man makes a happy marriage and a successful executive. For it is doubtful if John, for all his zest for life, ever adjusted to anyone but Abigail. On the whole, he disliked people, and often could not bear even to talk to them. Conversation with such men as Jefferson and Franklin palled beside the companionship of Abigail; his farm, his books, his family were all he wanted. He would far rather, he wrote, build a stone wall than deal with affairs of state.

Here is the clue, perhaps, to his later unpopularity and failure as President of the United States. For all his dedication and patriotism, he was definitely no political animal. He was "wearied to death" with so-called "great men," and loathed "the deep Intrigues of Politicians." It may well have been that his marriage was too satisfying. It was widowers like Jefferson and Franklin and unhappily married men like Calhoun and Lincoln, who found their satisfactions outside, who reveled in the give and take of the political arena. It is difficult to imagine Jefferson writing, as Adams did, that he was "mourning the Loss of all the Charms of Life, which are my family, and all the Amusement that I ever had in Life which is my farm."

But he saw his duty and he did it, grimly aware of the sacrifice he made. If Posterity did not make good use of the freedom for which he had given up so much, he grumbled, he would "repent in Heaven" that he had ever taken "half the Pains to preserve it." Both he and Abigail had a profound sense of history. Abigail felt no joy when the British left Boston; the burden, she knew, would only be shifted elsewhere. And of this "Age of Tryal," John said: "In such great Changes . . . individuals are but Atoms. It is scarcely worthwhile to consider what the Consequences will be to us. What will be the effects upon present and future Millions . . . is a Question very interesting."

The one consolation in putting these volumes down is the promise of more to come. So many questions tease to be answered. How did John and Abigail react to a separation by continents, rather than by miles? How did John feel about Arnold's treachery? What was young John's first impression of old Russia? How did Abigail face the prospect of becoming our second first lady? Happily, the American people will eventually have the answers, for these books are not for scholars alone. They are for all Americans everywhere. They are for every lover of his country, for every seeker into the past, and, most of all, for every student of the human heart.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ON THE ALPHABETICAL DOUBLE

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to fill in the missing letters of the word skeletons on the left according to the definitions on the right. The only double letters in the words are those given. Answers on page 26.

A ___ ___ ___ RR ___ ___ ___	hateful
B ___ LL ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	abuse
C ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ PP ___ ___	rustic
D ___ ___ ___ NN ___ ___ ___	ten years
E ___ ___ ___ ___ SS ___ ___	absorbed
F ___ ___ MM ___ ___ ___	trash
G ___ ___ TT ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	voracious
H ___ RR ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	fearful
I ___ ___ PP ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	unthinkable
J ___ TT ___ ___ ___ ___	discard
K ___ ___ ___ KK ___ ___ ___ ___	trifle
L ___ GG ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	numbskull
M ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ LL ___ ___	confection
N ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ OO ___	fool
O ___ TT ___ ___ ___	yield
P ___ ZZ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	plucking
Q ___ ___ RR ___	game
R ___ BB ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	tumult
S ___ ___ FF ___ ___ ___	scaup duck
T ___ ___ ___ ___ NN ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	jingling
U ___ ___ ___ FF ___ ___ ___	calm
V ___ ___ UU ___	void
W ___ ___ HH ___ ___ ___	keep
X ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ LL	yellow pigment
Y ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ LL ___ ___	mate
Z ___ CC ___ ___ ___ ___	summer squash

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father of His Countryside

Potomac Squire, *by Elswyth Thane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 432 pp. $6.95), delineates to the smallest detail how eighteenth-century Virginia planters lived their days. Howard Fast's play about George Washington, "The Crossing," opened recently at the Bucks County Playhouse in Pennsylvania.*

By HOWARD FAST

IF YOU would like to live for a while with the Washingtons of Virginia in their stately home at Mount Vernon, I know of no better way than through the pages of Elswyth Thane's loving account of the life of a Potomac squire in the latter half of the eighteenth century. For as long as I remember reading her—more years than a gentleman will specify—Miss Thane has moved through history with unhurried assurance and a remarkable knowledge of detail. She is a particular type of historian, armed with a woman's eye, a housewife's concern for the manner in which people lived, and a good hostess's approach to the social fabric of their lives.

Equipped with all this, plus sensitivity and a graceful prose style, she is prepared to convince us that the "so-called" narration of history has missed most of what was important, and perhaps she is right. Certainly, in all the great river of books about George Washington and his life and times, there is no other that invites you so unabashedly into his household. And if we emerge from this reading knowing no more about the real or "inner" George Washington we are no worse off than his neighbors and colleagues.

Actually, Miss Thane set out to write a book less about George Washington, the man, than about the great home and establishment on the banks of the Potomac, where he was the ruling lord, and where an extraordinary and rich and intriguing manner of life prevailed; and in this she has succeeded admirably. Indeed, I know of no other narrative of day-to-day eighteenth-century life in America that can even approach this; the result is not simply another book about Washington and his times, but a valuable and original work.

I do not think that anyone can fully grasp Colonial history or understand the circumstances under which this country arose unless he becomes aware of the amazing alliances that were forged among the many sections of the Colonies. Few people comprehend the vast differences between life in Tidewater Virginia and life in Pennsylvania or New England, for example; and simply to say that Washington was a very wealthy man tells us little. He was far more and far less than a very wealthy man; he was a part of a unique grouping of plantation owners around the shores of the Potomac River, at a particular moment in history—a moment when almost all of these Virginia planters were engaged in what might well be called "a cult of house and home adoration." By which I mean that each of these planters, in one way or another, dedicated himself to his home, its architecture, its decoration, its focus as a center of a culture and an existence. And this factor, in turn, played a fascinating role in the shaping of the men and their role in America's beginnings.

It is in the elucidation of this that Miss Thane has succeeded so admirably. Meticulously specifying income and expense, she tells what these people ate and drank, what they wore, what their clothes were made of, how they lived their days down to the smallest detail, how they woke, how they slept, entertained, cooked, wept, prayed, sewed, spun, rode; nothing is omitted. All in all, a pleasant and gentle book indeed for some summer afternoon.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Abhorrent. Billingsgate. Clodhopper. Decennium. Engrossed. Flummery. Gluttonous. Horrendous. Inapprehensible. Jettison. Knickknack. Loggerhead. Marshmallow. Nincompoop. Outturn. Pizzicato. Quarry. Rabblement. Shuffler. Tintinnabular. Unruffled. Vacuum. Withhold. Xanthophyll. Yokefellow. Zucchini.

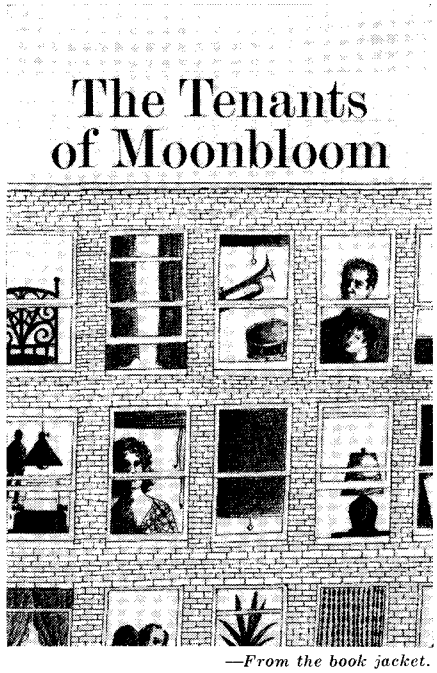
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Rental Agent's New Lease on Life

The Tenants of Moonbloom, *by Edward Lewis Wallant (Harcourt, Brace & World. 245 pp. $4.50), presents the colorful inhabitants of a shabby New York tenement and their effect on a disengaged rent collector. David Boroff, who has written many articles on contemporary American fiction, teaches English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF



—From the book jacket.

EDWARD LEWIS WALLANT, who died last year at the age of thirty-six, had, in an all too brief literary career, carved out a distinct niche for himself. A serious writer and a careful craftsman, Wallant diverged from his contemporaries in his stubborn commitment to old-fashioned, humanistic values. He declined to borrow the chic despair that is the hallmark of most sophisticated writers. Moreover, at a time when the proletarian is virtually off-limits to writers, except for purposes of exotic exploitation, Wallant found his inspiration in ordinary people—carpenters, pawnbrokers, rental agents, and shabby tenants. And he endowed these people with an energy and expressiveness they have not had in literature since the Thirties. Only rarely did he lapse into sentimentality—the pitfall of the affirmer—and in his novels victories of the human spirit were harshly and dearly won. In *The Human Season* a worn-out Jewish carpenter looks back at a life well spent, a marriage that actually gave joy. In *The Pawnbroker* a victim of the Hitlerian death camps watches the oppressiveness of Harlem's steaming summer streets with a deadness of spirit. In time, however, he is reclaimed by life.

The Tenants of Moonbloom will, in fact, remind readers of *The Pawnbroker*. Here again is one of the disaffiliated, sleepwalking through life. And his job as rental agent, like that of a pawnbroker, gives him a unique vantage point from which to observe life's wry little comedies, its streaks of squalor, and its sad little flashes of nobility. Norman Moonbloom watches warily but retreats always into his heavy-crusted isolation. Thirty-three years old, a perennial student who has finally abandoned the game, Moonbloom acts as rent collector and agent for his rapacious brother and makes the rounds of shabby tenements, the lives of the tenants briefly intersecting with his own.

And what a crew they are! Marvelously crotchety, fiercely vocal, memorably individual, they erode Moonbloom's zealously guarded privacy. With one voice they demand that repairs be made, and as they turn over their rent money they insist upon making hasty revelations. There is Baselecci, the language teacher, in despair about the linguistic slovenliness of his students, who roars at Moonbloom, "I charge you with the fate of my bowels"; Ilse Moeller, the female Barabbas, whose agonized conscience demands that Jews hate her; Paxton, the elegant homosexual writer with his deft French phrases and chatty warmth; Del Rio, the fighter with a passion for cleanliness and order; Karloff, the pagan Jew, ageless and huge "like a gigantic extinct creature thrusting upward from the frozen mud"; Sugarman, the bard of the commuting trains, candy butcher for indifferent suburbanites, who chanted his "lyrical madness over the plush and damp wool and flesh" ("You will be famished, parched, and debilitated . . . there is positively no dining car on this train. I am your last hope for sustenance. Hersheys, Almond Joys, Milky Ways, ice-cold awrange drink!").

These and many others are vibrant creations, a triumph of art over life. Encircled by ugliness, hemmed in by poverty, Moonbloom's tenants are imperiously alive. Petty, quarrelsome, and querulous, but never dull, they achieve a genuine urban poetry. Unfortunately, having created such a tumultuous gallery of characters, Wallant was not quite able to move them. For much of its length the novel is curiously immobile, a serious of tableaux. Moonbloom, locked in his passivity, makes the rounds, collects the rents, and listens. But then, liberated by his first sexual encounter, he is caught up in an exhilarating surge of energy. He embarks on a manic crusade to repair all the wrongs, paint the neglected apartments, rewire every overburdened circuit, fix every clogged and contaminated toilet bowl. "For the first time people entered me," he explains. "I don't know what I mean so don't ask me. Some of them are disgusting, some are pathetic. Most of them I don't even like, I can't stand them, but they *entered* me, and I don't know how to get them out."

Wallant's compassion for the everyday derelicts of life was bottomless, but he was redeemed from sentimentality by a comic spirit that gives a hard, firm edge to his feelings. And the language of his characters—throbbing with vitality and lifted into a kind of gutter magniloquence—is the novel's strongest affirmation. One can only express the deepest regret at his untimely death.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1044

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1044 will be found in the next issue.

FOX SCARF QUKGDXR TAX

FOCRX SOKQO QCLRKRF CY

CLX PTL.

ROTS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1043

When women kiss it always reminds one of prizefighters shaking hands.
—MENCKEN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gunter Grass—in the process of refinement less ferocity and indignation.

To Be Different in Danzig

Cat and Mouse, *by Günter Grass, translated by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World. 189 pp. $3.95), set in Danzig in 1939, recounts in the author's customary grotesque style the story of a boy and his oversized Adam's apple. Joseph Bauke is an editor of Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH BAUKE

GUNTER GRASS has to his credit the most vigorous novel in postwar German writing, the celebrated *Tin Drum*. With it German literature rid itself of the provincialism to which it succumbed so infamously in the days of the Third Reich, and won back an international audience. The new voice out of Germany, long expected, was greeted with a rush of acceptance and a sigh of relief: Thank heaven, the German miracle is not limited to the economy. There is now an authentic talent at work in that embattled country.

While the puny drummer's beat still reverberates throughout these parts, Grass's second hero makes his bow, rather cockily certain of an open-armed reception. He is Joachim Mahlke, the mouse of *Cat and Mouse,* the new novel which Ralph Manheim has translated with all the felicity that distinguished his rendering of *The Tin Drum*. In mood and setting *Cat and Mouse* is similar to its predecessor, and it has the added virtue of brevity. With a few deft strokes, applied to the canvas at the grotesque angle that is his trademark, Grass takes us back again to Danzig in 1939. This time he writes with a showy, playful elegance, and in the process of refinement loses some of the ferocity and indignation of his first novel.

The story is about a boy equipped with an indecently large Adam's apple, symbol of potency. The cartilaginous protuberance, nicknamed the "mouse" by Joachim's peers, is a source more of embarrassment than of pride to its owner, whose affection is reserved for the Virgin. Screwdrivers, bottle-openers, and finally Hitler's highest decoration serve to cover the provocative bulge, but it is to no avail. The cats are always after Joachim and his mouse, and his most secret dream is to become a cat himself. His efforts at metamorphosis are ludicrous throughout, and in the end futile. Home on furlough, he visits the sunken ship in which he spent the afternoons of his boyhood, and decides not to surface again. In an absurd and hostile world a man's infancy is his only citadel. Don't leave it, or else return.

With consummate skill and obvious relish Grass lets his narrator, a seedy individual named Pilenz, tell us all about the difficulties of growing up in Danzig. The sex games of pubescent boys, touching in their innocence, are related with the candor usually reserved for the more deliberate doings of adults. Funny incidents abound, and every page of the book, including the dust jacket, is unmistakably Grass. *Cat and Mouse* is every bit as uproarious as *The Tin Drum,* to which it is a worthy companion. Read as such, or as an introduction to the author, the new Grass novel is an experience t be remembered.

Bewitched, Bothered and Beheaded

The Concubine, *by Norah Lofts (Doubleday. 310 pp. $4.95), attempts to make Anne Boleyn comprehensible and sympathetic to modern minds. Aileen Pippett is a frequent critic of British fiction.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

OF ALL Henry VIII's wives Anne Boleyn made the greatest impact on history, for her marriage triggered the establishment of the Church of England and produced Britain's greatest queen, Elizabeth I. Yet this heroine of a royal romance, so protracted and so savagely ended, has never been beloved by the people. Ironically enough, the woman whose insistence on legal union caused such turmoil was regarded in her lifetime as Henry's mistress; since then she has become the comic ghost who walks "with 'er 'ead tucked underneath 'er arm."

Norah Lofts is not so vulgar nor so callous. In her novel she makes a laudable effort to bring Anne to life as a sympathetic character, comprehensible in modern terms and worthy of our compassion. She is first shown as a heartbroken, angry girl whose marriage to a man she loved has been prevented by Wolsey. She is courted by Henry, but cannot be bought and then flung aside as her sister had been. Wolsey's failure to get the Pope's consent to the annulment of Henry's marriage with Catherine of Aragon results in the Cardinal's fall. But it is not Anne's fault. In fact, nothing is Anne's fault. She is just a nice, decent girl who has no luck. Her child is the wrong sex, Jane Seymour has caught the king's roving eye, Anne must be got rid of and Jane given her chance to produce a son and heir. Anne is accused of treason, adultery with four men, and incest with her brother. The evidence would not have convicted a rabbit, but the judges, including her uncle and her former betrothed, unanimously declare her guilty. Deserted by all but a servant, she goes meekly to the slaughter.

The bare facts are revolting. Why do they excite so little horror, why does not the inevitability of Anne's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doom make her a tragic figure, why does she no longer exert the charm that lured a king? The answer to these questions so far as this novel is concerned is that Anne is not presented with sufficient vigor against the background of her time. As a Tudor woman, she remains obstinately enigmatic. In modern dress, she is nobody, or at best an anemic creature, lacking convictions, ambition, intelligence, wit, or the ability to make friends. Seen in this pallid light she evokes not sympathy so much as cynical wonder. Was she a schemer or a dupe? Was she frigid, as many seductive women really are, or did she simply not like Henry, who was no longer a golden youth when he first desired her?

The muted method of telling her story will not do. To see her and her contemporaries as vivid personalities, good or bad, disgusting or contemptible by today's standards, we need to face them squarely as they come to us in their portraits, stiff in furred robes, dripping jewels, staring from blank eyes, their hands hidden or folded, an inconsequential pet to divert us, a symbol of rank or a Latin motto to indicate ancestral pride. We need to hear the echo of their words, cryptic, involved, obsolete, and anguished.

Only then, confronted by these masks and by the English of another century, can we begin to glimpse the splendor and squalor of that chaotic age. The historian who recognizes that these people cannot be judged by our standards or expected to conform to our manners can help us reconstruct from surviving fragments their tattered panoply of power, release the suppressed violence, uncover the banked-up fires their words and portraits so

" . . . ultimately enigmatic."

Deep Are the Roots of a Riot

Advocate of the Isle, *by Loys Masson, translated by Antonia White (Knopf. 232 pp. $4), tells of a French boy in Mauritius at the time of the racial troubles during the 1920s. Anna Balakian is professor of French at New York University and author of books and articles on modern French literature.*

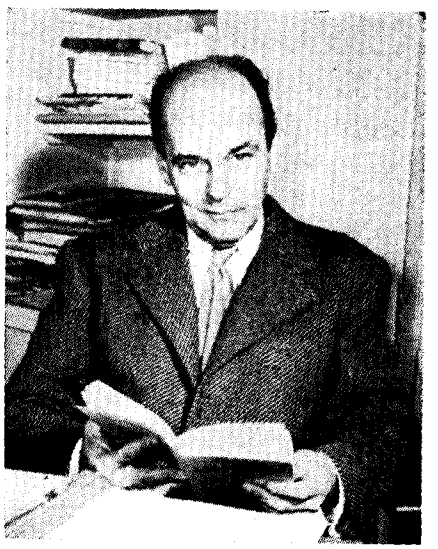
By ANNA BALAKIAN

SINCE the story of Loys Masson's prize-winning novel of French colonials in the South Sea Islands, set against the background of the racial unrests of the 1920s, is engrossing in itself, its succinct parable may go unnoticed.

The central figure appears to be André, the seven-year-old son of a runaway mother and a subversive, alcoholic father, Fernand Joliot. A great-uncle, Emile Galantie, offers the child asylum on the Island of Mauritius, where he runs a law firm with a nephew, who, as the nameless "I" of the novel, relates the story in flashback thirty years later. The old man, childless and resentful of his barren wife, has decided to bequeath his practice to the bachelor nephew and his fortune to a married one, Louis, thus assuring the continuity of both his name and his estate. The third nephew is André's father, who had espoused the cause of the blacks, but as a renegade had failed in his pretended mission. When he was finally pursued for fraud, he had to be dispatched to Madagascar.

The strange child becomes a foil in the clan's strained relationships. His bachelor cousin develops a deep compassion for him, but, being involved in a clandestine love affair with a captain's wife, he only succeeds in making of André "a green branch hanging over the cesspool." In this unpleasant atmosphere the child is sustained solely by the hope that his father will come back to rescue him, and at the same time will spark off the revolution of the poor and the black. But those who surround him gradually undermine his faith, and when the riots of the blacks begin he waits in vain at the harbor, his feet in the water, for his father to arrive.

Critics may say that the characters



Loys Masson—"primarily a poet."

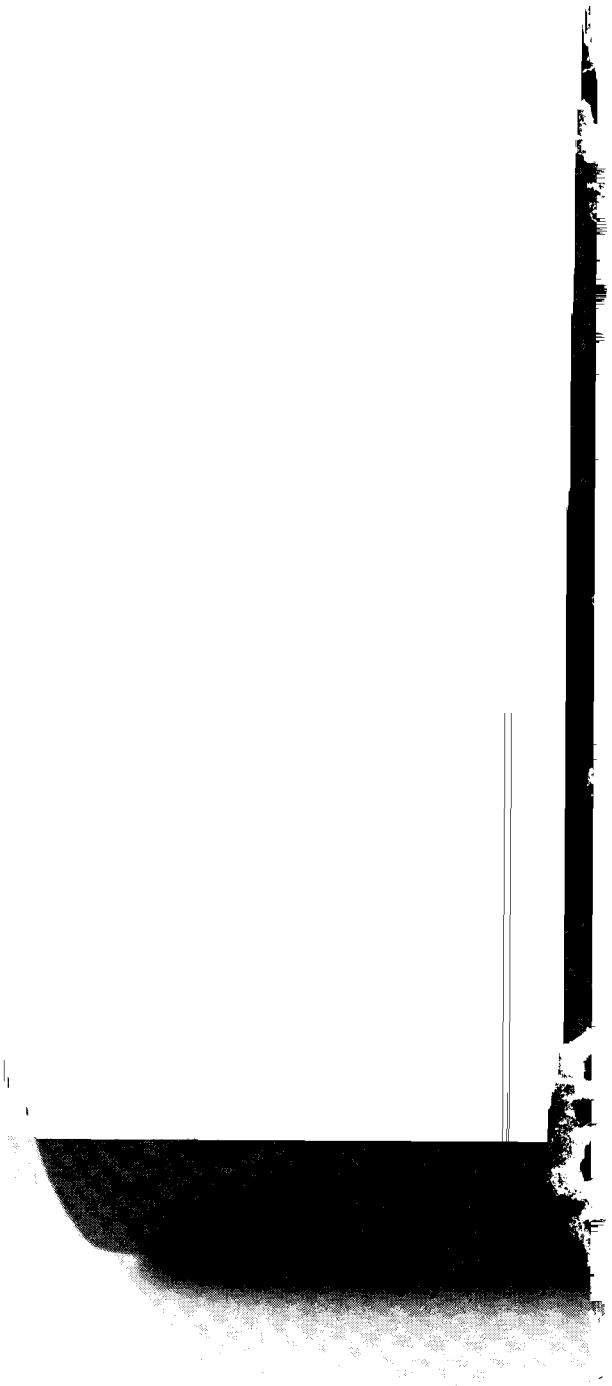
are not fully drawn, and that only in romantic novels do people die of attrition of the heart. But this is not a psychological novel. It joins such recent works as Pierre Bouffe's *The Executioner* and Vercors's *Sylva* in the rich tradition of the philosophical novel. The key to the symbolism is suggested by Captain Bruckner when he declares that all share responsibility "for old frauds perpetrated on other children—on the blacks who always keep something of the child in them." In fact, the child is an abstract figure innocently, the blacks had put their confidence in the whites to deliver them from oppression. But the Fernands lost themselves in self-indulgence, and the faith of the black man died when the promises were not fulfilled. The final rioting seems to suggest that now they have taken the problem in their own hands.

In strikingly metaphorical language which even in translation betrays the fact that Loys Masson is primarily a poet, *Advocate of the Isle* is a parable of the vagaries of the race of Abel and the rebellion of the race of Cain in the throes of the ever unsuccessful effort to make them true brothers. The startlingly reveal.

. . . There are peculiar moments in life when inanimate things seem to send you a warning message, a desperate, kindly appeal that you are insane to ignore.

—*From "Advocate of the Isle."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This Goodyear tire with Tufsyn rubber looks

26,084 miles. And not just ordinary miles.

They were hard-driving test miles on the Ohio Turnpike. As fast as the law allows. Tough, hard service for any tire, yet look how this Goodyear Custom Super-Cushion could take it!

And the big reason for this is Tufsyn rubber. Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's tough new synthetic rubber—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

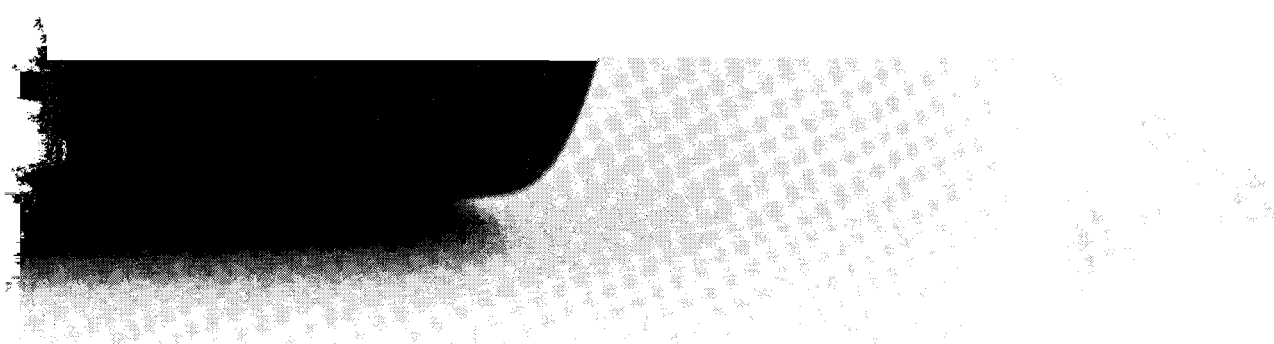
Tufsyn is different from conventional rubbers—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same, feels the same. It's in the same family. But it's tougher, more durable.

That's why Tufsyn is in every Goodyear tire.

Tufsyn rubber is in the tread—and Tufsyn's in the body.

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'S THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



almost new. It has actually gone 26,084 miles.

holds the tire together better to guard against blowouts, chunking, chipping, and cracking. Tufsyn rubber makes Goodyear tires as much as 25% more durable.

Goodyear tires now made with Tufsyn rubber are the toughest passenger tires [illegible]year has ever made.

Yet they cost no more than ordinary tires. More reason why—the sooner you visit your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store, the sooner you've got it made.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Master of the Marble Image

The Nobler Pleasure: Dryden's Comedy in Theory and Practice, *by Frank Harper Moore (University of North Carolina Press. 264 pp. $6);* ***The Critical Opinions of John Dryden: A Dictionary,*** *by John M. Aden (Vanderbilt University Press. 290 pp. $7.50), and* ***John Dryden's Imagery,*** *by Arthur W. Hoffman (University of Florida Press. 172 pp. $5), contribute toward the re-evaluation of the seventeenth-century poet and dramatist. James L. Clifford is a professor of English at Columbia University.*

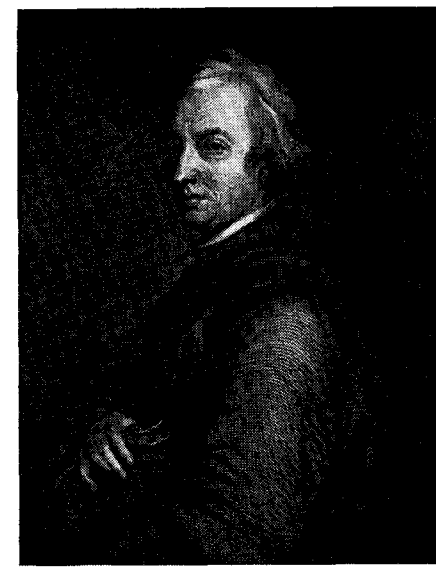
By JAMES L. CLIFFORD

JOHN DRYDEN is not everyone's poet. He lacks the universal appeal of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, or a Milton. Yet it is not correct to say that he is interesting only historically. In certain genres Dryden reigns supreme. He was one of the truly great figures in English literature, who arouses genuine enthusiasm in a widening circle of ardent devotees. Until recently, however, we have been handicapped by a lack of authentic texts and a deficiency of accurate information about his life. Happily, Charles Ward's scrupulous biography now provides the basic facts, and the superb California Edition will eventually give us dependable texts. Meanwhile, there has also been much nibbling at the fringes, most of it aimed at special problems of the experts. For example, here are three recent books concerned with Dryden's dramatic work, his literary criticism, and the imagery in his best poems.

One of the chief functions of modern scholarship has been to lay the ghosts of older errors and half-truths. Dryden, we now see, did not change his religion merely to keep his court positions. He was not a wishy-washy opportunist, ready to change at every swing of popular taste. Another persistent opinion has been that Dryden's stage comedies were little more than hack jobs designed to pander to the lowest passions of contemporary audiences. To counter this old chestnut, Frank Harper Moore has thoroughly studied the problem, and in *The Nobler Pleasure* he shows that even in the popular stage works Dryden was a conscious artist. Though obviously feeling his way in an uncongenial genre, he did maintain his basic creative integrity. If he was eager to please his audience, he was also willing to experiment with new techniques, and he never forgot the basic principles of high comedy.

"The father of English criticism," so Johnson called Dryden. Yet until recently there has been little clear understanding of the exact nature of his critical approach. For one thing, Dryden himself made no over-all attempt at synthesis. Always an occasional writer, he tossed off judgments and evaluations in the most unlikely spots. As a practical aid for those who want to know what Dryden said and where, John M. Aden has now provided *The Critical Opinions of John Dryden: A Dictionary.* In this volume some five hundred topics are listed in alphabetical order, with short excerpts and elaborate cross-references linking related topics. Although such a compendium of short extracts will be immensely valuable for quick reference, it may at times be slightly frustrating to those who wish a broader view—who feel the need to examine Dryden's statements in context. A single sentence may convey a critic's basic theme, but us

(*Continued on page* 53)



—*Culver.*

Dryden—no "wishy-washy opportunist."

And the Children of Birmingham

By Thomas Merton

AND the children of Birmingham
Walked into the story
Of grandma's pointed teeth
("Better to love you with")
Reasonable citizens
Rose to exhort them all:
"Return at once to schools of friendship.
Buy in stores of love and law.

(And tales were told
Of man's best friend, the Law)

And the children of Birmingham
Walked in the shadow
Of Grandma's devil
Smack up against
The singing wall.
Fire and water
Poured over everyone:
"Hymns were extreme,
So there could be no pardon!"

And old Grandma
Began the lesson
Of everybody's skin,
Everybody's fun:
"Liberty may bite
An irresponsible race
Forever singing,"
Grandma said,
"Forever making love:
Look at all the children!"

(And tales were told
Of man's best friend, the Law.)

And the children of Birmingham
Walked into the fury
Of grandma's hug:
Her friendly cells
("Better to love you with.")
Her friendly officers
And *dooms of love.*
Laws had a very long day
And all were weary.

But what the children did that time
Gave their town
A name to be remembered!

(And tales were told
Of man's best friend, the Law.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer Nights in the Theatre

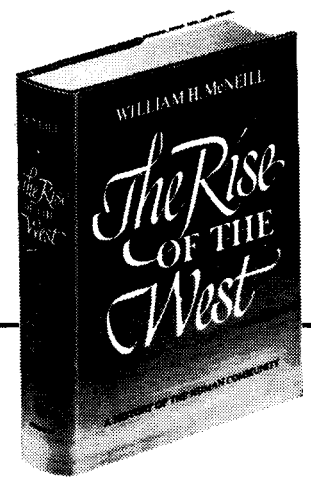
THE WORDS "summer entertainment" traditionally connote lightness, relaxed pleasure, and a whiff of nostalgia. For that reason one of the most popular attractions around is the current revival of *The Boys from Syracuse* at Theatre Four. This particular Rodgers and Hart musical lives entirely in that airy Lorenz-Hart-land of innocence-washed sexual misbehavior, where nothing matters but being in love and having a sense of humor about it. Its performers are merry, attractive, and fun-loving. Its choreography is completely capricious. Its jokes are outrageously corny and naughty. Its songs are delicate and adventurously melodic. And perhaps most important of all, the 25-year-old musical is a lovely reminder of how carefree both we and musical comedies were in 1938.

If one must criticize the current revival, one might complain that occasionally the production works a little hard, and that there are times when one feels that Richard Flusser's Bard College revival with a semi-professional cast last summer was in some ways preferable. That revival had the advantage of one remarkably original comedienne, Rutzie Scott, who, if she were not a New Jersey housewife, might well have been the successor to Ethel Merman (whom she somewhat resembles). One remembers her "O Diogenes," sung without production hoopla, more vividly than anything in the new revival, where the show-stopper is, as it was in the original production, *Sing for Your Supper.* And also, as in 1938, one realizes that that master-mixer of musical comedy ingredients, George Abbott, made a mistake that should be corrected in some enterprising future production. The show's best song, "Falling in Love With Love," has practically no impact because it is sung near the beginning by a lamenting housewife we have just met. If it had been sung *after* we have had a chance to sympathize with her marital unhappiness, the song would have moved us more. But, let's face it, *The Boys from Syracuse* is not for criticizing, it is for enjoying on a summer night.

Also to be enjoyed in a similarly relaxed way is *The World of Kurt Weill in Song* at One Sheridan Square. Here the material is more serious and profound but the freedom with which its two performers seem to wander through their selection of the late composer's

songs gives the evening a casual tone. One of the performers, Will Holt, who is also the author and director of the show, has achieved two very difficult things: the making of a highly disciplined theatrical sequence of numbers that seem fresh and relaxed, and the maintenance of his own attitude toward the material throughout. His highly theatrical rendition of "Mack the Knife" is intensely his own as he successfully establishes a dated style of performance made urgent with his personal passion for Weill's story. It is the story of a composer who collaborated with top playwrights in three different languages, and it appears to be Mr. Holt's implicit view that Mr. Weill was happiest when he was collaborating with lyrics that dealt with man's solitude in a cruelly organized world. While he doesn't labor this point—and indeed there is a modest sampling of fun songs like "Jenny Made Her Mind Up" and romantic ones like "Speak Low" and "September Song"—the evening includes such lesser-known songs as "Caesar's Death," a defiant warning to Hitler, and the lonely "Sailor's Tango" from *Happy End*, and refuses to become an anthology of Weill's most popular tunes.

Mr. Holt's partner, Martha Schlamme, is at her best playing Brecht's fallen women, and her spoken, then sung "Soerabaya Johnnie" will move every girl who has had the experience of falling in love with a man she despises. She and Mr. Holt leave us feeling thoroughly entertained and yet with a rich sense of man's tragic loneliness, which music, poetry, humor, and friendly love permit us to weave into a not unrewarding totality, especially in summer. —HENRY HEWES.



"The most lucid presentation of world history in narrative form that I know."
ARNOLD TOYNBEE

THE RISE OF THE WEST
A History of the Human Community

History as it is seldom written today. "A remarkable *tour de force* . . . history in the old Greek sense of inquiring, investigating." — CRANE BRINTON
"A model of how to tame the infinite."
— G. E. VON GRUNEBAUM

by William H. McNeill

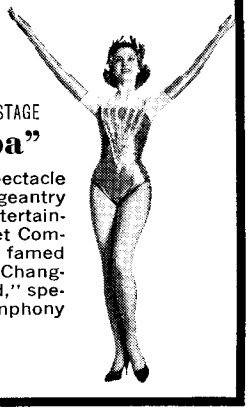
Illustrated $12.50
At your bookstore or from
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago and London

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Showplace of the Nation
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center Plaza 7-3100

DORIS DAY
JAMES GARNER
The Thrill Of it All!

Co-starring
ARLENE FRANCIS
with EDWARD ANDREWS • ELLIOTT REID
REGINALD OWEN • ZASU PITTS
and Guest Star CARL REINER
Produced by Ross Hunter & Martin Melcher.
Directed by Norman Jewison.
A Universal Release in Eastman COLOR



ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Europa"
International spectacle of colorful pageantry and exciting entertainment with Ballet Company, soloists, famed Rockettes in "Changing of the Guard," specialty acts, Symphony Orchestra.

DISTINCTIVE
AND
UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

☆ The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed ☆ s8

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Who's Morbid?

IF ONE can read the changes in a nation's temperature through its choices of entertainment, America right now should be flying the yellow jack. When Walter Wanger produced *Private Worlds* a quarter of a century ago, he was considered daring in the extreme. His film dealt (almost tangentially) with insanity, and was set in a mental institution. Today, it would seem, a producer must be extremely daring *not* to have at least one such picture on his schedule. The public has developed an appetite for insanity, a morbid curiosity about the extremes of behavior that is only whetted, not slaked, by each new release.

It should be noted that all the attention now focused on abnormality has some positive effects. Hall Bartlett's *The Caretakers*, for example, was previewed by the United States Senate last Spring and, to quote a letter to Mr. Bartlett from Lister Hill, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, "contributed to creating the very favorable climate and presenting the challenge that brought the victory in the passage of the Mental Health and Mental Retardation Act by an overwhelming vote." This is certainly a proud accomplishment for any movie.

On the other hand, it would be futile to pretend that *The Caretakers* was produced with the sole purpose of affecting national legislation. From its first moments, when Polly Bergen bursts onto the stage of a movie theatre and goes hysterically insane in front of the audience, we can safely prepare for melodrama, not documentary. Carted off to a state mental institution, Miss Bergen quickly becomes the chief bone of contention between the young staff psychiatrist (Robert Stack) who advocates modern methods of therapy and the hard-bitten head nurse (Joan Crawford) who believes that firm discipline is the proper medicine for the insane.

While I am delighted to report that as a solution to this classic *contretemps* Mr. Stack does not end up marrying Miss Crawford (or Miss Bergen either, for that matter), candor urges me to admit that several sequences—Miss Bergen undergoing shock therapy, Miss Bergen wandering dazedly into a cage of insane and drooling males—would appear to have been introduced specifically to pep up the proceedings.

But if the story line often seems stereotyped and reaching for effect, the film generally rises above this in performance and direction. Bartlett, who both produced and directed, handles scenes in a straightforward, urgent manner that admits sudden peaks of tension. And for those peak moments, the excellent cast he has assembled and Miss Bergen in particular let go with frenzies calculated to make the hackles rise—everyone's, I should say, except the imperturbable Mr. Stack's. He plays the psychiatrist with the same grim-jawed, steely-eyed detachment that made him TV's ace federal agent.

Shock Corridor covers much the same ground, but from the male point of view, and on a decidedly lower budget. In outline, *Corridor*—produced, written, and directed by Samuel Fuller—is arrant nonsense. A newspaperman (Peter Breck) on the scent of a murder story is trained by a psychiatrist to act insane (*sic*!), gets himself committed to an asylum, with the information that he needs from inmates in their moments of lucidity, and ends up a catatonic schizophrenic himself—but with a Pulitzer prize. In the course of all this, however, Fuller wrings in a few legitimate surprises. The inmates include a Negro (tellingly played by Hari Rhodes) who has an obsession to lynch all Negroes, an atomic scientist so appalled by the results of his research that he takes refuge in children's games and stories, and a G.I. brainwashed and used by the Communists. Obviously, Mr. Fuller felt that within his picture he was making some comment on our times, but his contrived framework and incidental smatterings of sex and shock constantly undercut any worthier intent. Despite his unflagging vigor, and Stanley Cortez's ingenuity with the camera, *Shock Corridor* is shabby.

For pure, unremitting nastiness, however, for shock administered solely for the purpose of shock, few films have ever excelled Gualtiero Jacopetti's *Women of the World*—not even Jacopetti's earlier *Mondo Cane*. Using his title as his theme, Jacopetti and his cameramen have roamed the world in search of the strange, the obscene, the sickening, and the obscene; and they succeeded so well in their quest that the viewer feels like a Peeping Tom in a house of horrors. But then, morbidity seems to be the new fashion in movies.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britten's *War Requiem* at Tanglewood—*Tito*

LENOX, MASS.

NOT SINCE the last works of Béla Bartok were first being heard in the later Forties has the world of music lovers had so worthy a new work to rejoice in as the *War Requiem* of Benjamin Britten which had its first American performance here under Erich Leinsdorf's direction late in July. The intimations of the recording under the composer's direction (*SR*, May 25) were not merely fulfilled but surpassed, thanks not only to the values it contains but also to the arts of persuasion commanded by Leinsdorf.

Here, in rolling richness, which qualified the Tanglewood "shed" as perhaps an even more advantageous place to hear such a score than the best concert hall, is a fervent product of the imagination suitable to its demanding subject. That is nothing less than the frenzy of destruction to which the world was subject two decades ago. It was to solemnize the rededication of a physical casualty (the Coventry Cathedral) that Britten put his mind to this task. What emerged is a rebirth of the shock and horror of those days, a reminder of the mass spiritual casualty whose only atonement can be the determination that it shall not happen again.

In a way, the *War Requiem* rounds out a cycle for Britten which, when the War began, found him in America. Though he remained here for two and a half years, blood prevailed, and he returned home in 1942 (a conscientious objector, he was exempted from active service). Now, through inner growth, power of reflection, and ripe mastery of musical means, he has found the power to convey to the many the revulsion at war he felt as an individual, the true triumph of the artist.

The *War Requiem* is a work of such scope and yet such infinite detail that one may well debate which aspect is paramount: the force of what Britten has on his mind and in his heart or the cunning as well as the power of how he has said it. In the actuality, the alternation of the Latin text of the Mass for the Dead with the poems of Wilfred Owen had even more impact than it had in the recording. Knowing what was to come next did not in the least diminish either the compulsion or the interest of this interweaving of elements. It was, purposefully, one moment on the heights and the next in the depths as Britten moved from the grandiose concept of Everyman's fate (liturgical) to Anyman's tragedy (poetic).

For the world beyond the music lover, the *War Requiem* may well be an achievement to rank with the Ninth of Beethoven, Wagner's *Tristan*, Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, and Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* as a motivating and activating force on composers unborn at the time of its creation. In it, Britten has not merely made of sound a strong new aesthetic experience but also regrouped its components in a stimulating fresh way. Unlike certain of the others, who innovated digression from previous modes of procedure, Britten has instigated a further progression in the prior, established order through the flexibility and resource of the tonal language he has evolved.

In the unwinding course of this hour and a half (Leinsdorf performed it with a pause before the Offertorium) Britten has made it perfectly plain that there is no music in a system, only in a man. Dissonance there is, perhaps even his own kind of a row, or motival range of sounds. But any such conflicts or clashes are as deftly applied as acid to an etcher's plate, and for the same purpose: not to obliterate line and meaning, but to clarify, highlight, define. Some may point to this obvious kinship with the Verdi *Requiem* or to that reminder of Berlioz. But these are the heartening kinds of kinship that relate it to the family tree of music, as Verdi's *Requiem* traces a line to Berlioz, and Berlioz himself has his own antecedents elsewhere.

Much more of this will become apparent in the months to come, as Boston hears it three times in early fall, New York in October, San Antonio during the winter, and Los Angeles in the spring. Boston and New York will, of course, hear it under the direction of Leinsdorf and with the same participants: and a commanding direction it was of such able participants as Tom Krause, the Finnish baritone with the excellent English articulation, the finely prepared Chorus Pro Musica of Boston, and the Columbus Boychoir. They all approached the ideal more closely than either Nicholas DiVirgilio, whose pleasant tenor is light for the burden of meaning in his music, or Phyllis Curtin, whose style is too intimate and whose dramatic power is restricted for an expression on this order. There was a gratifying conjunction of expression and execution in her singing of the Lachrymosa, but not in the agonized outcries of the Tremens, or the impassioned fervor of the Benedictus. The disposition of the boys' voices (and the Positiv organ) at the extreme perimeter of the shed at the conductor's left was not as the composer directed, but it provided the needed sense of remoteness. Overriding all such incidental considerations, however, was the embracing understanding that Leinsdorf brought to his task, the thoroughness and zeal with which he conveyed that understanding to the listeners. Eleven thousand of them remained to applaud for twenty minutes in tribute to a musical service that will be long remembered.

A concert performance of Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* is hardly the first thing one would think of as an attraction to determine whether there is a summer audience for non-summer fare in the air-conditioned Philharmonic Hall of Lincoln Center. Despite a day in the 90s, the auditorium could be described either as two-thirds full, or one third empty—which is to say that there were no more vacancies than might be expected for just the same kind of program in mid-winter.

Those who made the effort found much that was rewarding in a performance by the Cantata Singers under guest conductor Paul Callaway which could be described as informational rather than absorbing. Unfortunately, there was almost as much vocalization by narrator William Murphy, reciting a rather too whimsical script, as there was by Martina Arroyo as Vitellia or Betty Allen as Annio. They were discomfited if not incommoded by the wide-ranging demands of a vocal style for which little oporportunity for indoctrination exists today. But the demands weighed even heavier on their associates, especially David Lloyd as Tito.

As for the score itself, it is unquestionably magnificent—for anyone but Mozart. It is noble, it is elevated, it even has a certain amount of grandeur, notably in the great aria "Non più di fiori." But one is constantly aware of a constant sense of reserve, even of restraint, as Mozart tempers his immortal impulses to the conventions of the *opera seria* style decreed by the circumstances of *Tito's* composition. Recurrently, there are gambits and modes of procedure that rose to higher fulfilment elsewhere (in *Cosi*, for example) but fail of their ultimate—meaning Mozartian—influence here.

The interim report on the rearranged acoustical panels might read, weatherwise: The higher the cloud ceiling, the better the audibility at ground level. Forecast: changeable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Balkans in Brief—7. To Buda and to Pest

—*H.S.*

Socialist Sunday—One of 300 baths in Budapest is enjoyed by this lissome lass.

THE RITUAL of entry into Rumania is severe and military, but the formalities as practiced by the Hungarians are nearly a lampoon of Socialistic dicta. The customs inspectors are two, one to watch the other. One is a man, old, well padded with the caloric content of countless plates of *csusza*, the round, lard-cooked noodles that accompany every steaming dish of goulash. His counterpart, to keep the sexes at parity, was a woman, and so there would surely be no inequality she wore the same buttoned tunic, the same peaked garrison hat, as we used to call it in the army. She was something out of *Ninotchka*, dated, and too broadly costumed to be properly believed.

There was a small flurry at the customs desk. The few *forints* we had bought in New York to take care of tips and cabs—about $7 in all—were in denominations forbidden by the regulations. They had to be held in bond at the airport until our departure. We would depart by train for Vienna. *Tant pis.*

On the other hand, the guide sent to fetch us was young, alert, well dressed, almost suave. After Bucharest, where the hotels recall Leningrad in 1955, in the first days of post-Stalin tourism, the Gellert in Buda was brilliant and sophisticated. The lobby gleamed. A battery of uniformed attendants stood in readiness behind the marble desk waiting to give service. So did the barman in his spotless nook, the newspapers spread out in an orderly row, on top the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* blaring the latest race crisis back home.

From the balcony of our room we could survey the Danube and the bridge across it. The bright tables of the hotel's open-air café made a pattern below us. Unlike traffic in Bucharest, where we could walk across a square that seemed as broad as the Place de la Concorde without seeing a car, that in Budapest rolled like an endless caterpillar. The assortment of vehicles was the widest I had recalled since wartime, and one morning when we left the Gellert there was a blue convertible Thunderbird with New Jersey license plates pulled up in front of the door.

If Bucharest seemed to survive, to exist, quietly, like Omaha, then Budapest teems like Chicago. It lives in a way that is perhaps akin to Paris, full of outdoor places to eat, *quartiers* with old winding streets, and celebrated vistas—in this case abetted by the circumstances of its location, on the banks of a broad river with palisades on the Buda side rising abruptly from the shores.

—*H.S.*

Soviet Tourists—These troops have their photos taken in Heroes' Square where the monuments tell history of Hungary.

In the night the place to be is the Kis Royal, a homely retreat with beamed ceilings, wallpaper that would look fine in a farmhouse, old porcelain stoves in the corner. Pertis, the gypsy who played for royalty, still saws his violin engagingly, but the spokesmen for the regime are eager to point out that while he and others of his *genre* are gypsies of Indian origin, they play Hungarian folk music which they have helped to publicize. Unquote.

THE music was all that one might have expected from gypsy violins, which we had tried so hard to find in Rumania. Pertis and the gypsies play as well under the Communist regime as they did for the monarchy, and for the Horthy dictatorship that followed. Nor would there appear to have been any diminishment in the fabled cuisine of Hungary. It began with *crêpes* of Hortobagy, named for a vast rural plain in the east of Hungary near Debreczen, the center of the country's Calvinist doctrine. Debreczen was as far east as the Presbyterians penetrated. I'm not sure what all this has to do with the output of the farm kitchens of the Hortobagy plain, but one can be sure that the Calvinist housewives send their husbands into the fields prepared for a full day's labor. The *crêpes* were stuffed with mushrooms and veal liver and smothered with a sour cream sauce blushing with paprika. After that came a veal chop cooked *en papillote* along with mushrooms, ham, and goose liver. At the far end of the hall a wedding party was dancing the *chardas*, and after the second course I yearned to be one of them, if only for the exercise. How the bride takes part in any of the feasting is not clear to me, for by custom she must dance with all of the men, each of whom pays for the privilege; the household fund gets an early start.

Stuffed like a Hortobagy *crêpe* by the time we got down to the dessert, I was surely fortified for a full day's labor on the morrow. Natty in a well-cut business suit and carefully combed, our guide appeared the next morning and we began at Heroes' Square, the *grande place* of Budapest which commemorates the beginning of Hungarian history. A collection of statues and bas-reliefs, it was put together in 1896 for the 1000th anniversary of the arrival of the Magyars from the northern end of the Ural Mountains in what is now part of the Soviet Union. From their mountain homeland one group headed north and became Finns, the other turned south and became Hungarians, reaching here in 896. Long before that the Romans had arrived and, discovering wells and thermal baths, they established the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...go to Italy on an Italian Airline? How else!

It's the only way to go... and enjoy Italy from the moment you leave.

What's more, Alitalia flies nonstop jets to both Milan and Rome.

Fly there in Italian comfort. Alitalia stewardesses and stewards are mindful of the little things... a cookie for your child, a pleasant drink for yourself, or a light blanket for your nap. It's all very Italian, very friendly, and there's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy it on your way, as well as when you get there. On Alitalia, you will.

You're sure of Italian care. Alitalia pilots are remarkable men. As captains of the Alitalia fleet, they have millions of miles of piloting behind them. You're in fine Italian hands. You're on a fine aircraft, too. The Super DC-8 jet with Rolls-Royce engines. They give you the smoothest, most relaxing flight possible, with a big margin of reserve power left over. Another way Alitalia cares for you.

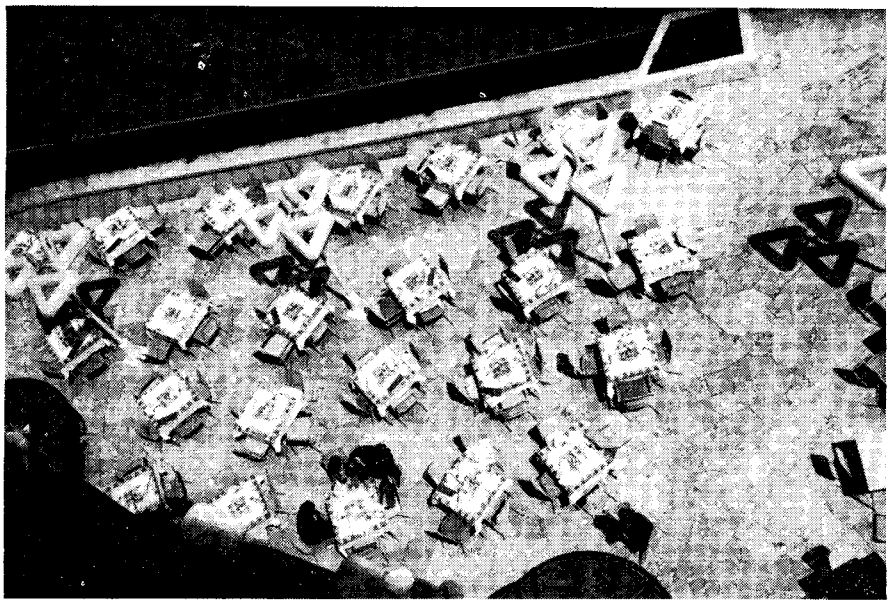
Don't forget about Alitalia convenience. Schedules make a difference to your trip, you know. With Alitalia you have as many as 26 flights a week to Rome and a daily flight to London. It makes it convenient for you to choose. You may even take advantage of the tax-free shopping center at the Milan and London Airports.

Who recommends Alitalia? Your Travel Agent. He'll help you choose a flight from New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

Serving 78 cities in 46 nations on 6 continents.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—H.S.

View from the Gellert—Tables of the hotel's sidewalk cafe make a sunlit pattern on the streets of Budapest.

town of Aquincum where they could exercise their water fetish.

When the Magyars arrived, they came in seven tribes. In an early display of democracy, for the Balkans, anyway, the chiefs met and elected one of their number as head of the nation. His name was Arpad, and he established a dynasty that gave Hungary a line of kings that lasted for 300 years. The Turks began making incursions in the 15th century, stayed all of the 16th, and finally left in the 17th. The Austrians and the Transylvanians nudged out the Turks, but they established their own influence. Contemplating all this, the day I was there, were several small groups of Russian soldiers in their dark green uniforms and black jackboots. On leave in the big city from the barracks in the country where they have been held on emergency police duty since the revolution, the Russians gazed on the wonders of the great square: the graves of the unknown soldier of two world wars, the column topped with the figure of the Archangel Gabriel wearing a Hungarian crown and holding a double cross, the statues of St. Stephen, who was king from 1000 to 1038, followed by four more of the Arpad dynasty and King Mathias, the greatest of the monarchs who repulsed the Turks. The new conquerors lined up in front of the statues and had their pictures taken, and behind them stretched the Avenue of the Republic with its double line of trees, and under it a subway also built in the commemorative year of 1896. London had built an earlier one, but this underground was the first on the continent. Some of the original cars are still running.

The Museum of Fine Arts and an Exposition Hall flank Heroes' Square, and behind stretches the greenery of the City Park. It was Sunday and Hungarian fathers rowed their daughters in bright-colored boats and bought them ice cream at the corner pushcart. There are no less than 300 baths bubbling from thermal springs in Budapest where the citizens can sit and steam off the effects of Hortobagy *crêpes*, goulash and *csusza*, and other delights of the Magyar kitchen. Sixteen of the baths are in the park. At the Szechenyi spa, the citizens of Budapest were spending the Sunday steeping in the three pools, sunning themselves around them, ogling their fellow citizens from a cement grandstand, and playing cards in their bathing suits. It looked like Sunday at a public pool in the Bronx.

Similarly disported was another athletic set in the baths behind the Gellert Hotel. High above them rose Gellert Hill, crowned by a citadel built by the Hapsburgs in the middle of the 19th century. It was never used as a fortress except during internal uprisings, and during the recent revolution it was a redoubt for the secret police who were the special targets of the revolutionists. The Kadar regime kept it stocked with the military until 1960, by which time the public temper had apparently cooled. Now an orchestra plays in an open pavilion that has been constructed in the square, and some of the old vaulted rooms have been turned into an attractive gypsy cellar restaurant.

In front of the citadel, at the edge of the palisades, soars the usual heroic monument, which, by Soviet decree stands in all countries from which the Red Army drove the Germans. A symbolic sculpture depicts mankind vanquishing the dragon of fascism, and in case that is not clear to all observers, a plaque below it thanks the Russians for liberating Hungary. Far under us lay all the city, the Pest side flat and businesslike, the Buda side hilly and residential. They were joined together in municipal matrimony in 1872, but they were linked in partnership as early as 1849 when the English engineer William Tirny-Clark built the first bridge, and his brother, Adam, bored the first tunnel, a continuation of the bridge. All seven bridges were blown up during the war, but Tirny-Clark's early model has been restored, and under it, dividing the city, as it divides countries, flows the Danube on its 1,700-mile journey, which begins in the Black Forest, coursing through Germany, Austria, Czechoslavakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Rumania, an inexorable tourist, dividing nations, offering benefits, giving employment over the centuries to a variety of citizens, but especially to statesmen and to Strauss.

—Horace Sutton

To An Idealist Sitting In

By Miller Williams

PROPHET, prophet, go back to the hay.
The sheep were always running away
and the harlot never lay with the man
she loves.

Poor dreamer of dust and dungeon
the laws are with you and the cause
is lost.
Calvin cooked Servetus in a wrong
wind
Vanzetti lost his fish and old age
and Joan who was loved by half of
France died virgin
but there's too little tyranny here to
burn you.
In Tennessee you will only win and
grow old.

Go be the clerk you look like.
Take my sister to bed. Give her a s
Tell him when he's twenty and re
books
what sins are not as simple as he thinks
and the welfare worker
who cares for men
like god
can not love a man she knows the
name of.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continued from page 13

covery than with law-giving. The mandarin chiefly wants to put people right in a particular case. The creator-critic wants them to be readers at large, accepting advice but not bullied by it, and regarding books as a field of exploration to be enjoyed and not of culture to be imbibed. Maugham advised the young that reading without pleasure was useless and told them not to plod on because they had been told that the volume lying so heavily in hand was literature with a capital "L."

In his remarkable book *Literature and Western Man*, Priestley states the case for the creator-critic. He has undertaken the gigantic labor of considering both European and American writing of all kinds in prose, poetry, and plays from the Middle Ages onward, considering in particular their relation to the needs and problems of a changing world. For this he has had a lifetime of enormous reading behind him; he can also claim "much experience, not to be despised for this task, of the writing, publishing, and criticism of books and the writing of plays and the managing of theatrical enterprises, experience that has taken me, so to speak, out of the dining room, where many critics and most literary historians are to be found, into the kitchen where the dinners are cooked." That is important. The man who has had to prepare the dishes often has a fuller understanding of the difficulties encountered by other workers in the same trade.

In the theatre this is particularly true because so close a collaboration is needed between the author and the actor, the musician and the designer of sets and costumes. Shakespeare managed to be a supreme dramatist as well as a supreme poet because he himself remained in the kitchen as actor and manager and knew all the sufferings of those who prepare a complicated meal for others to enjoy. Priestley relates literature and life in many fruitful ways. He has made many visits to America, the young giant whose surging vitality and power have both fascinated and frightened him, stirring both wonder and affection. As a creative writer he has responded sympathetically to the artist at work amid the dynamic pressures of America's material prosperity, with the result that I for one have been enabled by his section on Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe to reach a far closer understanding of their response to American life than I had had before.

I felt that I must go back and read again. I could now do so with assisting knowledge and a sharper perception. That surely is one of the functions of vital criticism; it illumines the blind spots, and the men who have themselves been playwrights and novelists are often the best lighters of the lamp. They can see into the developing mind of a writer as well as into his developing technique since they themselves have grown in that way.

In my own case I was sent back to find the living Shakespeare after he had been murdered for me in school, battered by the blunt instrument of senseless lessons. This return and discovery were caused by Arnold Bennett's recommendation of Frank Harris's *The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life-Story*, with its fanciful, emotional, and possibly false picture of a poet entranced and tortured by the ecstasies and agonies of his affair with the Dark Lady. I do not believe Harris's picture, or at least in all of it, now. But here was an escape from the dummy Bard of the pedagogues and from the learned, aloof treatises of the mandarins who thought so profoundly about Shakespeare's mind and never remembered that he must have had a body, too. Harris was generally regarded as something of a rogue and a liar, but he was a storyteller and playwright himself and he could use his pen as a paintbrush for compelling portraiture. After reading his interpretation of the plays and sonnets, I returned to them as to a new country in which I had once stumbled blindfolded.

THEREAFTER I relished the slamming of the mandarins by Bennett. I realize now that he went too far in "declassing the whole professorial squad," as he put it, and kicking the University Chairs out from under the posteriors of their august occupants. There has to be knowledge and specialized study, but the results of these were often so arid that students might die of thirst when their professors took the dais for an hour. Many chairs are better occupied today, but stimulation of the academic authorities was then overdue. When Harris came and talked about Shakespeare to an undergraduate society we realized that he was fond of jewelry on his fingers and in his tie; but he could produce his gems of comment. Better an exhibitionist who makes poetry sparkle than a moping scholar who reduces it to lead.

Another eye-opener was Gilbert Murray, a Hellenist with a light in his eye and gold in his voice. Again schooling had been gloomily deterrent and the Greek drama became a series of "difficult passages" for translation and comment on the syntax. Fortunately, while still at school I came across Murray's *History of Ancient Greek Literature*, which he wrote as a quite young man. (Glasgow University with remarkable acumen gave him its Chair of Greek at twenty-three.) With this and subsequent attendance at his lectures in Oxford I was shown the miracle of the Greeks' sudden grasp of knowledge and their swift achievement of a new thing called liberty. "Freedom, the very name of it is beautiful," one said. Here amid the isles of the Aegean Sea, surrounded by barbarism and despotism which had to be defeated in arms before the new splendor could have its century or two of brilliance, was a world of confident audacity which founded the early sciences while it molded the arts to perfection. All this Murray could bring to life amid the drab circumstance of a lecture room. Greek drama was no longer a drudgery; it was dramatic.

MURRAY's musical translations of the Greek plays are scorned by those who say that they are inaccurate in translation and flowery in speech. Swinburne is completely disregarded, and Murray rendered the Greek choruses into rhythms as rich as his. The prosy and jejune translators of today may be more exact, but they do not take the ear or touch the senses, which is the first business of the poet-dramatist. Murray was himself a playwright recreating plays and a poet who was a devotee of the poetry on which he was working. He was also a student of politics. When he spoke and wrote about the rise and fall of a civilization, assessing its achievements and analyzing the weakness that destroyed it, he clearly became a creator-critic of another kind.

So, when the credits and debits are balanced and the account made up, it is fair to claim that much fine feeding can be derived from the criticism of those who have been, as Priestley put it, at work in the kitchen. There have been the hitting back and the sideswipes of the author resentful of schools, styles, and theories alien to his own. There have been retaliations and revenges. But these have mattered much less than the discoveries of new talent and the defenses of new ideas for which that man is best equipped who has himself had to fight his way up from obscurity to esteem. He has the fellow-feeling of one who has sweated and suffered and faced the frustrations inevitable in a creative writer's career. Those who lay down the law about the arts without previous exposure to their ardors and endurances can speak wisely. But wisdom to have its proper power must have its warmth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most urgent step toward peace

by James J. Wadsworth

James J. Wadsworth was appointed Deputy U.S. Representative at the United Nations by President Eisenhower in 1953 and served until 1960, when he became leader of the American delegation. From 1958 to 1960 he represented the United States at the nuclear-test-ban negotiations at Geneva.

Everyone agrees on the importance of a ban on nuclear testing. It would end fallout. It would slow down the arms race by preventing the development of even more frightful weapons. It might deter other nations from developing their own means of mass destruction. And it would provide a much-needed model agreement for future disarmament. As President Kennedy said only a few weeks ago in announcing a major new effort to reach agreement with the Russians in Moscow, "Surely this goal is sufficiently important to require our steady pursuit. . . . With our hopes go the hopes of all mankind."

Few people, American or Russian, would argue with the President's words, yet in nearly five years of talks we have not been able to conclude a treaty that both sides pronounce essential to the welfare of mankind. At the end of 1962 hope rose throughout the world that the United States and the Soviet Union were nearing agreement on a nuclear-test ban. But a few weeks later the Geneva Conference was stymied again on the same old subject—the number of on-site inspections. The USSR held fast to a maximum of three inspections a year; we proposed a minimum of seven; recriminations were exchanged and hope of agreement vanished.

This pattern of hope and dismay has been the recurrent one at Geneva since the talks began in 1958. Why? What are the real obstacles to a nuclear-test ban?

On the surface, of course, the main obstacle appears to be the issue of inspection. The Soviet Union accuses us of making a fetish of on-site inspection, the technical value of which is still to be demonstrated. I am afraid we are open to the charge. But the Soviets are wide-open to the charge that they are preoccupied with a fear of espionage stemming from their history as a closed society. It is hard for an outsider to understand why they believe seven inspections a year constitute espionage although three do not. Here we encounter the distrust and suspicion that at bottom are responsible for the discouragements of the negotiations.

It is only too easy for Americans to put all the blame on the Soviets, to repeat the well-worn cry "You can't do business with them." The trouble with that is that it is not entirely true. There is no doubt that the Russians have been intransigent, have repudiated promises, have put forward outrageous demands. At the same time, in a strange sort of minuet, they have actually advanced far more than they have retreated. It is not lightly that they claim to have made great concessions. Their acceptance even of the principle of inspection is a considerable concession indeed.

On the other hand, the West has done a good deal more moving than the Soviets give us public credit for. Indeed, what bothers many Americans is the feeling that we have given ground cravenly and have made major concessions without exacting reciprocal concessions. The fact of the matter is that virtually every move we have made *we have not been yielding to the Russians;* we have simply been recognizing the results of our own scientific research. Thus we have progressively reduced our demands for on-site inspections. In 1961 we dropped from twenty to a range of twelve to twenty; in 1962 we dropped to a range of eight to ten; and as this is written we are asking for seven.

Months of negotiating preceded each of these shifts, and each represented a position that had been hammered out by policy makers back home. Many people seem to believe that our test-ban negotiator has a comparatively free hand and can, if he feels like it, change basic United States policy. Nothing

(Continued in August Redbook)

The issue of peace is of special concern to the young families who are Redbook Magazine's special concern. The above article by James Wadsworth is the latest in a series on this subject; it deals with the mechanics of atomic test ban control. Because it is published in Redbook, you can be certain that it is written with a decent respect for the literacy and purposefulness of its readers, as are all Redbook articles—in every issue, on every issue.

This meaningful editorial approach has put Redbook in a unique position among publications—it is *the* magazine for Young Adults, with a rate of circulation and advertising linage growth rarely exceeded by others.

REDBOOK

230 Park Avenue, New York—Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. Circulation Base: 3,750,000

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN

EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **41**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **42**

MENCKEN: PREJUDICES AND PROPHECIES
By Charles Angoff **44**

TOBACCO TROUBLES
By Peter Bart **45**

HOW EUROPE FIGHTS COMMERCIAL TV
By John Tebbel **46**

QUARTERBACKING A NATION'S NEWS
By James F. Fixx **48**

PR: WHAT CAN YOU TELL EMPLOYEES?
By L. L. L. Gol[illegible] **50**

TOM [illegible]
By [illegible] **51**

Last Chance at a TV Channel

FEDERAL television channels have always seemed to us to be as valuable natural resources as America's forests, waterways, coal and oil deposits, grain prairies, or her gold and silver. Once assigned, they are for all practical purposes frozen forever in a mold. Rarely if ever do the channels change in character even when ownership changes.

At present, there are approximately 2,300 TV channel assignments throughout the United States. Of these, approximately 800 are what the Federal Communications Commission calls Very High Frequency (VHF) and 1,500 are Ultra High Frequency (UHF). Generally speaking, most of America's commercial television is broadcast through the VHF channels which, by federal ruling, are numbered from 2 through 13 inclusive. Channels 14 through 83 are reserved for UHF broadcasting but, in general, carry mighty little of the total TV traffic in this country.

We heard the other day on good authority that the FCC will, any time now, announce a new rule-making procedure whose outcome will have far-reaching effects for those who work in television or watch it. We understand that the FCC will reserve nearly double the 332 channels now assigned for noncommercial television and that about 600 new channels will be added, chiefly in the UHF spectrum. The FCC will take this action for a variety of reasons. For one thing, all new television sets sold after April 30, 1964, must be able to tune in to UHF channels. This all-channel set is the wave of the future and the FCC (and the Congress) is anxious to see that the public gets its money's worth when it pays more for a TV receiver capable of tuning into 83 stations instead of only 13.

The recently passed Educational Television Facilities Act provides for grants to construct new noncommercial TV stations, and nearly all of these stations will broadcast through UHF channels. The forthcoming FCC proposal will provide educators with their finest opportunity to get into the television field. It will never come again in this country, if the experience with radio and simple common sense have any weight in logic.

A curious fact is that there has been little or no discussion of this forthcoming FCC rule-making procedure, not even in the broadcasting trade press. The general public doesn't understand much about the difference between VHF and UHF, since most current sets cannot tune into anything but Channels 2 through 13 (Channel 1 is reserved for such federal purposes as U.S. Army communications, satellite experimentation, government broadcasting, etc.). It is most unfortunate that this tremendous step will have been taken practically in a vacuum of public response.

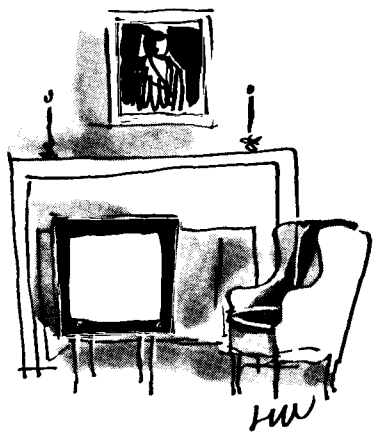
What the proposal amounts to is filling up the entire unused portion of the UHF band. Since all of these UHF channels will be gobbled up in the next ten to twenty years and since they are particularly useful to local communities where network commercial television is now the only broadcasting available, the importance of public response to the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FCC procedure cannot be overstated. Where these channels are placed geographically, who uses them, for what purposes, and what kind of programming comes out of them will surely prove to be as vital as any other natural resource the American people now possess.

It seems to us that the overriding consideration here is precisely how to enlist public response and how to bring it to bear on the FCC and other federal servants directly involved in such an important matter. If the public doesn't respond adequately, doesn't take an opportunity to participate in the decision-making processes of national government, then this great new television broadcasting venture will, as so many federal expansions have in the past, grow like Topsy and the public will suffer for it.

No federal agency is more dedicated, no government employees work harder in Washington than the 1,500 men and



women who staff the Pennsylvania Avenue and 12th Street headquarters of the FCC. But a federal agency can do only so much. It cannot operate the new local television channels; it cannot implement its forthcoming far-sighted expansion of the TV spectrum; it cannot by itself bring TV programming up to its potential. The public must play a role and the role is specific and vital.

We suggest that our readers watch and listen for news of what will undoubtedly be a highly important FCC announcement later this year. When the announcement comes, we hope the public response—within thirty days—will be chiefly from those interested in better broadcasting, educational TV, higher level programs; in short, those advocating ultimate, maximum use of our great natural resource—the TV spectrum. Proper public awareness of brand new TV channels will mean awareness of new public interest opportunities in the greatest means of communication the world has ever known. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

DIANE HEWITSON FOR PRESIDENT

HURRAH FOR DIANE HEWITSON! I'm with her 1000% in regard to her reaction to TV commercials [*SR*, July 13]. I follow the same procedure when I do my supermarket shopping, with the glaring exception of detergents. I, too, have been sickened at the sight of the islands of suds in our so-called fresh water streams (of which we have a lot in Illinois) but have searched in vain on the shelves for a good old fashioned "soap." If she will please tell me the brand she uses I will be happy to switch immediately. . . .

NORMA SCHMITTEN.
Bloomington, Ill.

PLEASE ASSURE Diane Hewitson that there are others who do not buy the products that are pushed by means of obnoxious commercials. I have long made a point of avoiding those items and purchase instead unknown brands which I find to be equal to or better than the well-known names. . . .

IRVING BENOFF.
Wantagh, N.Y.

GREETINGS TO Diane Hewitson. I hail her as a kindred spirit because I, too, resent the bombardment of TV commercials and refuse to buy products touted in an objectionable fashion. Advertisers had better note that there is quite a negative reaction among some groups. A woman told me recently that her twelve-year-old son returned empty-handed from the store because he could find only "that advertised junk."

Does the account executive, trying to persuade consumers that advertised brands are more reliable, know that public confidence is undermined by extravagant and conflicting claims? Are buffered painkillers better than non-buffered? Which one upsets your stomach? (All claim they do not.) Can we control this age of anxiety with a small pill? No, if this barrage keeps on, we will all go berserk.

VICKI OPPENHEIMER.
New York, N.Y.

THE NATION'S AIRWAYS are overcrowded with tasteless singing commercials and overaggressive advertising. This nuisance and the waste of legitimate broadcasting time leaves the long-suffering public only one recourse—to switch off. Even the national and world news programs are constantly interrupted. Something drastic should be tried to reform the system from coast to coast.

It is time for a searching reappraisal by the radio industry and by the FCC itself. A strict tightening up of controls and a high scale of advertising taxation must be applied. Otherwise the radio will defeat its own purposes and the public will stop listening altogether.

It is not credible that the richest country in the world cannot rid itself of this inferior system of communication. Why not a small annual fee payable on every radio set in operation, as in England? In this way all stations could be made entirely free from the advertising nuisance, and devote full time to supplying superior quality programs. This arrangement should be made statutory under law on all the networks. If the industry accepts the rules it need not suffer involvement in complete governmental controls.

Please use your good influence to reform the broadcasting systems.

ANGUS MCDOUGALL.
Durham, N. C.

DIANE ("I resent TV commercials") Hewitson for President!

LOREN G. BUCHANAN.
New York, N.Y.

"COURAGE AND INDEPENDENCE"

THE EDITORIAL "Straws of an Ill W[illegible] [*SR*, July 13] is excellent, in spirit and substance! How this country needs honest, forthright critics!

This is all I have to say—a friendly pat on the back. Keep your courage and independence. There may be storms ahead—but you'll at least be able to live with yourself.

LOUIS E. SEABER.
New Canaan, Conn.

I READ with interest your editorial entitled "Straws of an Ill Wind," [*SR*, July 13] but regret to say that your arguments are not convincing to me.

You state: "Two things strike us immediately as perilous to any news-gathering organization that mixes paying PR clients with straight, unbiased reporting. First, there's a natural human tendency to favor someone on whose payroll you are when you come to reporting news about him. Second, your official sources of news can never be certain just why you, the reporter, may be asking a question. Senator Carlson of Kansas put it very well at the hearing: 'If a reporter came and asked my opinion on aid in a foreign country, would he be doing this for a [PR] client or for a news story?' "

As to your first point, I would say that regardless of any "natural human [illegible]dency," I think a reporter can be tr[illegible] to transmit the type of news his c[illegible] pays him to send. If the client wants favorable news, the reporter can collect this. But if the client wanted unfavorable news about himself, I think a reporter would send this—and enjoy his job all the more.

As to your second point, I should like

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ask why anyone's opinion about anything depends upon who is asking the question. If a man has an opinion, he should be able to state it to anyone in a straightforward fashion, without regard for the use his listener wishes to make of his view.

WILLIAM M. MOLDOFF.
Nassau, N.Y.

RICHARD L. TOBIN's complaint about NBC's failure to continue its telecast of the Thunderbird golf tournament through the playoff is the most virginally innocent piece of prose I have read in many a long year.

"Surely Mr. Palmer and his associates must have known in advance what would happen if the tournament ended in a tie, and made [sic] the necessary arrangements for continuous coverage until the denouement."

Holy Moses, Mr. Tobin! Have you any idea of what it cost, and how long it took, to "make the necessary arrangements" just to cover the last three holes? It's hard to believe so if you are seriously suggesting that the network set up cameras along —well, how many holes? There's no telling how far a sudden-death playoff will go; the only safe way would be to rig the entire course.

Then too, presumably you would require the network to make no air commitments at all until dark. And all this just for the off-chance of a tie!

There are other problems. The surviving players never go *directly* into the playoff. The rules require them to post their scorecards, a process requiring at least a quarter of an hour. But why go on?

DIGBY BUTLER WHITMAN.
Wausau, Wis.

NO FRINGE BENEFITS

MR. REYNOLDS's charming description of professional writing as an absorbing hobby ("You, Too, Can Raise Yaks for Fun and Profit") which pays about $4 an hour, is rubbing salt into the wound [*SR*, July 13].

Has he forgotten that the self-employed writer must pay all his expenses from the money he earns, and income tax on what is left? While working in public relations, I was supplied with an office, telephone, salary, expense account, group insurance, paid vacations, fringe benefits, coffee breaks, paper, carbon, envelopes, stamps, etc. As a writer, I either earn these things or do without.

Where does he get his estimate of 400 hours per book? My field is juveniles, and I might be able to count the number of hours spent in the actual production of a book—the typing, editing, indexing, proofreading, etc.—but who can calculate the time it takes to imagine, evaluate, plan, construct, rewrite, and do research? (For a book I will begin writing next month, I have been doing research, off and on, for the last five years.) As Mr. Reynolds certainly knows, serious writing demands a total commitment and a complete dedication on the part of the writer. It is rarely something which, as he suggests, one can pick up like a piece of knitting.

Having worked in public relations, I would suggest that the methods used by publishers to acquaint the general public with their wares are the reasons more books are not sold. A manufacturer who created a new detergent and listed it in his own catalogue (which could only be received by request) and mentioned it in three lines of an institutional ad which appeared only in publications purchased by those eager to buy detergents—and sold it only in stores and departments frequented by those searching for detergents—would soon find himself bankrupt.

It is true, but it is unfortunate, that writers must work for something other than money. The best advice for the would-be author is still, "If you can help it, don't."

DUANE BRADLEY SANBORN.
Henniker, N.H.

SR is happy to report that Robert L. Taylor, the president, and Earl Selby, the city editor, have been cleared by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court of contempt charges in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* case involving the right of newsmen to conceal their sources. Sentenced to jail and fined $1,000 each for refusing to give a Philadelphia grand jury the source of stories about corruption in City Hall, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Selby appealed their convictions on grounds that a 1937 Pennsylvania state law guaranteed them the right to protect their news contacts in any legal proceeding. By a vote of 6 to 1, the Supreme Court cleared the news executives and the paper in a historic decision (see *SR* Communications editorial April 13). The case is extremely important to anyone interested either as a professional or a citizen in the right of the press to search out truth and publish it. No test had been made of the 1937 Pennsylvania state statute prior to the *Bulletin* case. —R.L.T.

GRANTS FOR NEWSPAPERS?

THE JUNE 8 ISSUE of *SR* contains letters lamenting the lack of good new talent among reporters. This comes, not from readers, but from people who in one way or another have been or are connected with newspapers.

Where are the sonnet writers of yesteryear? Who laments their passing? Shall publishers pay high rates to sonnet writers to maintain this art? In the market place of advertising copywriters, public relations, and press agentry, can newspaper owners be the high bidders for talent without courting bankruptcy? The decimation of newspapers through the country indicates that they cannot afford to compete in buying talent. Many cities have little or no competition among newspapers, since high costs have driven so many out of existence. Your letter writers, Charlotte Rose and others, think the answer is to give newspapermen more pay. Since newspapers are operated as businesses, this kind of thinking must project itself logically to the fifteen-cent, twenty-cent, and twenty-five-cent daily paper, highly increased advertising rates, or a combination of both. To my mind, an unpromising solution of the problem.

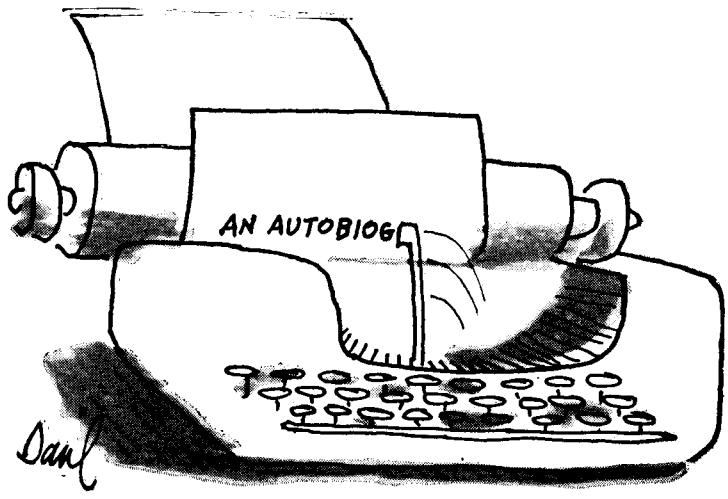
Perhaps the answer lies in newspapers obtaining grants from foundations or the government. So far, none of your letter writers has offered this suggestion. If this is not a feasible or acceptable concept, why not adjust ourselves to the facts of life: sonnet writers and journalists are joining the ranks of the whooping crane.

MURRAY GOLDENSTEIN.
New York, N.Y.

"A SENSE OF WONDER"

READING Professor Hohenberg's fine piece, "How to Spot a Newsman" [*SR*, June 8] reminded me of something the late Stanley Walker once said in Bleeck's. The conversation had drifted around, as it usually did, to what made a good newspaperman. Walker said: "He has to have a sense of wonder." I've never heard a better definition.

HENRY J. FREYLIGER.
Manhattan, N.Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. L. Mencken—"only great editors can make great mistakes."

Mencken: *Prejudices and Prophecies*

By CHARLES ANGOFF, *author of "H. L. Mencken: a Portrait from Memory," who was with Mencken on the "Mercury" from 1925 to 1935.*

MENCKEN'S achievement as an editor is secure, as even his more severe critics must admit. His editorial greatness lasted over a very short period, actually for the years 1924-28, about five years. With the stock market collapse of 1929 he seemed to have lost his grip and thereafter till his retirement at the end of 1934, he did little more than fumble. His stock of ideas was unequal to what was happening in the world. But those five years were, in many ways, golden ones in the journalistic history of the United States, and largely because of Mencken's efforts.

But only great editors can make great mistakes in editorial judgment, especially when holding forth about other magazines. Mencken knew he made these mistakes, and he often laughed about them—at least some of them.

There was, first of all, *Reader's Digest*. I remember the very first issues that reached the office of the *American Mercury*. I remember seeing Mencken looking at one issue, riffling the pages, and then shouting across the room to me, "Here's something else that won't last a year; well, as long as some fat rich lady's money holds out." Mencken had no idea who was supporting the *Digest*. He was merely expressing his contempt in one of his own ways. He had a theory that all little magazines were supported by fat rich ladies. It was pure fantasy on his part. If anybody asked him to prove his theory, he would say, "Well, I have my own statistics and file of information."

"You know, Angoff," he continued, "this sheet really depresses me. The little, smelly poetry magazines are earnest and dull and worthless, but at least there's an attempt at a semblance of literature in them. This *Digest* is just a service magazine, and it performs its service by taking the life out of articles. And what articles! How to cure colds with faith and how to be happy though miserable, and rubbish like that. Mark my words, it won't last."

I agreed with him. Some months later DeWitt Wallace came to the office to arrange one of his celebrated deals. I don't remember all the details, but he did suggest this arrangement: he would pay us a yearly amount—about $1,000, I think it was—and for this he would have exclusive right, for a period of about three months after an issue of the *Mercury* was put on the newsstands, to digest whatever articles he wished. Once an article was digested he would pay the author a certain amount of money and he would also pay us an additional sum of money. Mr. Wallace looked like an honest and earnest man. I rather liked him, which is why I spoke to him as I did. I said to him in effect (for I was sure he would fail in a short time and I didn't want to hold him to his contract and get him into financial difficulties), "Mr. Wallace, your proposal is a fair one in every way, but frankly I'm worried about it for your sake. Before I say what I want to say, I want to add that your offer is far better than what other, similar digest magazines have offered." (At the time there were several digest magazines; most of them have disappeared.) I went on, "You're new and young at this business. Suppose we leave it this way: let's not sign any contract. You give us no lump sum of money. But I give you my word that if you want to digest anything in the *Mercury*, within a month after an issue is on the stands, I'll accept your offer first, ahead of any offer made by anybody else. And the reason for that is simply this: that your offer is best for the authors of the articles for paying the *Mercury*, you pay us whatever you pay the author."

Mr. Wallace pressed me to agree to his proposal. I refused because I was sorry for him. I was sure, as Mencken was sure, that he couldn't possibly last more than a year or so, and I didn't want to tie him up financially. I told Mencken about my talk with Wallace when he next came up from Baltimore. Mencken looked at me and said, "Well, don't tell Knopf. We could use that $1,000. But it would be blood money. You were far more decent than I would have been. Sometimes I think you're a do-gooder at heart. Well, the poor bastard will lose his shirt. On the other hand, there's no telling. His magazine is so bad it may go over. There's no underestimating the intelligence of the American public."

Mencken also discussed with me the future of *Time* magazine. He told me that two young men, apparently Britten Haddon and Henry Luce, had seen him in Baltimore and asked for his opinion of a magazine like *Time*. He was not enthusiastic. As he told me, "They looked like nice Yale boys, more interested in making money than in putting across a really valuable idea. I didn't want to discourage them, so I didn't tell them outright their idea was worthless, but I certainly wasn't enthusiastic." Later he said to me, "The *New York Times* may be dull and repetitious, but

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looking at one issue, riffling the pages, then shouting across the room to *Times* and adding some mistakes of their own. But there's no telling. If the American people can elect Warren Gamaliel Harding as President, then they may very well fall for *Time*. But I don't think it will go over. It's hard to imagine."

Mencken's opinion of the future of the *New Yorker* was not a very sanguine one. "Just a wise-guy magazine," he called it. He had almost no use for the fiction or the poetry, though he did like the cartoons. He also liked some of the early book reviews of Clifton Fadiman. Mencken would sometimes talk about the Robert Benchley theatrical critiques, always favorably, and he would sometimes talk about Dorothy Parker's stories and reviews, usually unfavorably.

THE one time Mencken was angry with the editor of a new magazine was when *Plain Talk* was founded by Geoffrey D. Eaton. Mencken claimed, and rightly, that *Plain Talk* was an outright imitation of the *Mercury*. "Plain stealing, plain ordinary stealing," he said to me. When Eaton asked him for a contribution to *Plain Talk*, Mencken wrote to him that he didn't have the time at the moment. To me he said, "That's gall." When Eaton died, Mencken said, "Eaton was a fool. He was a fair short story writer, and he might have become a good novelist. Why he wasted his talents on a shabby magazine, and also made enemies with it, stumps me. But, then, people are their own worst enemies, I suppose." *Plain Talk* eventually vanished.

The only magazine published in New York that Mencken read carefully and liked very much was the *Nation*, edited and published at the time by Oswald Garrison Villard. A conservative in politics and economics, Mencken sneered at Villard's "Messianic liberalism and offensive do-goodism," but he would add, "Still, all in all, he puts out a fine magazine. He gets news the newspapers don't get, he prints good articles and good reviews and good editorials. I hardly agree with a thing he says, but he stimulates me. His Prohibitionism, of course, is uncivilized, but I read his magazine." Mencken often wrote for the *Nation*. I used to see him slave over reviews for the magazine, reviews for which he would get about $7.85. Once asked him why he worked so hard on these reviews. He said, "Well, I work hard on everything I do for that magazine, not just reviews. I don't want to let them down. If I lay down on the job, they send the stuff back to me and ask me to rewrite, and I like that. It keeps me on my toes."

Madison Avenue

Tobacco Troubles

EVEN Madison Avenue's hard-bitten professionals were jolted earlier this summer when the cigarette industry suddenly announced a series of voluntary restrictions on its advertising. Henceforth, the industry said, there would be no more display advertising in college newspapers, or on radio and TV shows aimed mainly at teen-agers. Youthful-looking models and athletic heroes would disappear from cigarette ads and industry spokesmen proclaimed a new era of "good judgment and good taste."

The impact of this sudden display of virtue was felt in many sectors. College newspapers reeled at the prospect of losing half their advertising revenue. Advertising agency executives, whose cigarette campaigns increasingly have focused on the youth market, convened emergency evening meetings to improvise new strategy. The hint by some companies that they intended to renounce the whole "virility approach" to cigarette advertising sent many agency men scurrying for the tranquilizer bottle.

Meanwhile, many consumers asked an obvious question: Why did they do it? Why did the cigarette companies, who have traditionally displayed little sensitivity to the taunts of their critics, suddenly invoke these voluntary curbs?

The main answer, it would seem, was simply that the industry was (and is) gravely worried. "Criticism, even from stockholders and directors, has been mounting steadily," one cigarette company president confided. "And much of the criticism concentrated on the charge that our ads made too blatant a pitch to the youngsters."

In view of this rising tide of criticism, industry leaders were concerned lest they be confronted with a restrictive code similar to those imposed in Britain and Canada. In Britain not only is cigarette advertising barred on TV prior to 9 P.M., but the government is pondering the idea of starting an advertising campaign on TV aimed at discouraging smoking.

Given this crisis, the Tobacco Institute, a trade group, called a series of meetings in Washington to discuss possible action. Some tobacco executives proposed voluntary curbs, while others opposed them on the grounds that they would be interpreted as an admission that cigarettes were indeed a health hazard.

After heated debate, the former group prevailed and the curbs were announced. In issuing its announcements, the Institute, mindful of anti-trust laws, emphasized that it could only "suggest" action but could issue no industry-wide restrictions.

The voluntary curbs were neatly tailored to gain maximum public relations impact at minimum sacrifice. In giving up college media, for example, the companies were sustaining no great loss since they can easily reach college-age youngsters through other media—television, general magazines, etc. Moreover, there has been a growing trend among colleges to take the initiative in banning cigarette ads from student media.

Similarly, in restricting their youth approach, the cigarette companies left themselves plenty of latitude. Instead of a specific ban on sponsorship of programs before 9 P.M., the curbs simply state that companies should not sponsor shows directed mainly at youngsters. The definition of what constitutes a children's program, of course, will be left to the companies. Baseball and football games, which are followed with rapt attention by teen-agers, will definitely not fall under the industry's definition of a children's program.

Though it is easy to view the industry's action with cynicism, the fact remains that some industry leaders, such as Morgan J. Cramer of P. Lorillard and Bowman Gray of R. J. Reynolds, appear to be sincere in their desire to tone down their ads. Indeed, the industry can rightly point out that cigarette advertising has improved markedly in recent years.

It was not too long ago, after all, that cigarette companies actually advertised their products as a health aid. Ads carried such headlines as "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet" or "Not a cough in a carload of Old Golds" or, the inevitable, "More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette."

In recent years the industry has backed off from these strident slogans, and indeed cigarette commercials have

(*Continued on page 52*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Europe Fights Commercial TV

By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

LONELY for the magic tube, his feet throbbing from a day on the picturesque cobblestones, the American tourist may sometimes be found at night, like an animal come down to a familiar waterhole, in a darkened parlor of his hotel where the management has thoughtfully provided him with television.

If it is his first experience with the European variety, the nostalgic wanderer, slipping his shoes off quietly in the dark, is struck first by the superior quality of the picture. What's going on here? he asks himself indignantly. Everybody knows America is first in war, first in peace, and most of all, first in technology. So why aren't our pictures as sharp and bright as this?

When he gets back home some knowledgeable friend may explain to him that simply because America was first with television, the standards of definition were set lower. By the time television invaded Europe, higher standards were possible. The enormous American investment in transmitting and receiving equipment, however, made it impossible meanwhile for the industry to change. Thus, paradoxically America must get along on 525-line definition, while all Europe is on a 625-line system, except France, which has a brilliant 819 lines. Only England is inferior, with 405 lines. In Africa the system will soon be standardized at 625 lines everywhere except in Liberia, where the American standard is retained because of a poor power supply.

But the wandering American is only momentarily struck by this difference because another wonder soon supersedes it: No commercials! It is astonishing how complete a surprise this is to so many visitors—and how uncomfortable it makes them. In America they may have been annoyed by commercials, or bored by them, or merely indifferent, but the first time they see the screen without them, hour after hour, an impatience, even an irritation, overtakes them. Without really knowing why, they feel deprived.

There are some Europeans who feel deprived, too, but naturally they are not the viewing audience, many of whom would not know a commercial if it came up and sang to them. They are, rather, the people who would be able to buy a little villa on a lake somewhere if they could introduce commercials into European television. Since there are quite a few free enterprisers who have these aspirations, a battle has been shaping up in many parts of the Continent and its environs between the State, which controls radio and television, and Commerce.

The State's motive, while sometimes obscured by the rhetoric native to politicians everywhere, is simple: It does not want to relinquish any part of its control over a prime propaganda medium. The motive of Commerce is equally simple: It wants to make money out of television, as the Americans do.

Recently the struggle between these conflicting interests has been most evident in the Netherlands, where commercial television was a hot issue in the spring elections this year. There has been pressure in Holland for some time, as there was in England, to establish a second network. An organization known as OTEM was created for the sole purpose of lobbying to make this network commercial when it was approved, at which time OTEM would be the strongest contender for the franchise to operate it, since it is backed by important banks, newspapers, and industrialists.

This move was opposed fiercely by the five so-called voluntary societies that run Dutch broadcasting. These societies get their income from two sources, the official license fees and advertising revenue from the weekly radio-television guides that each society publishes. By American standards the advertising is not plentiful—twelve pages in a sixty-four-page magazine, on the average—but it is considered enough, since the production costs of these magazines are not high. Other countries also use the device of the program guide magazine as a revenue producer. (In some European nations, commercials are not on television at all, but in the cinema houses, where they are run *en masse* between showings of the picture.)

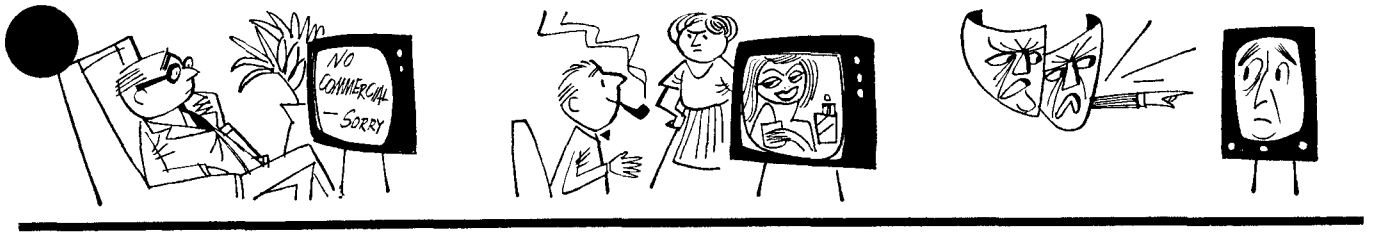
Since the five societies in Holland are both political and religious, operating their own radio and television services, the fight generated a great deal of heat among the normally unperturbed Dutch, particularly when the government, responding to OTEM pressure, proposed that twenty hours of commercial television a week be introduced on the second network. The Catholic and Protestant societies, although deeply split among themselves, were against it, as was Labor. The Socialists were more or less on the fence. Only the Liberals came out unanimously for commercials.

The Parliamentary debate on the issue was itself televised, and Dutch viewers were treated to the spectacle of senior broadcasting officials, wearing their other hats as Members of Parliament, defending their monopolies. In the end the second network was approved, but the societies won; it will be totally noncommercial. A sop to OTEM, the Parliament [illegible] it would entertain subsequent arguments as to how much time on the new network might conceivably be commercial some day. Nevertheless, there appears to be a growing desire in Holland for wider program choice and less of the political and religious indoctrination that the societies provide. The OTEM thinks a little commercial competition might liven things up considerably.

Two years ago the Dutch government inadvertently weakened its own case in a moment of unexpected triumph when it succeeded in being first in Europe to show television film of President Kennedy's inauguration. With un-Statelike enterprise, a courier had been sent to the United States to get the film as soon as possible when the ceremonies were over. He got it in less than an hour and caught the first KLM jet to Europe, where the commentary was translated and electronically superimposed on the film. In editing the film, the commercials that interspersed the last half-hour during the parade sequence (none were used previously) were eliminated except f[illegible] one, which the government left in p[illegible] posely to show the Dutch public h[illegible] annoying they could be. It was the government that proved to be annoyed; there was not a single public protest.

A survey of television abroad shows

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



that the State's fight against creeping commercialism is developing almost everywhere. In England, where there is no sponsored television but spot commercials are shown between programs, the chronic government complaint is that there is already too much of it. Both the government's BBC service and the independent ITV get revenue from their program guides, but ITV, the commercial network, (so far as it is permitted to be one) would naturally like more income than its "spots" now provide. A third channel recently approved will be operated by the BBC and will therefore be noncommercial. As in Holland, the pressure is building up among business interests for a fourth commercial channel.

[redacted] television, called Choiceview, [redacted]o being promoted in England [redacted]he J. Arthur Rank Organisation. It promises, of course, not freedom from commercials but programming of a kind not now done by the regular networks. Thus far there is no more widespread enthusiasm for it in England than there has been in America. In France, the battle has taken a somewhat different form. There Radio-Television Française is being sued for more than $20,000,000 by French cinema owners on the grounds that government television showings of full-length films is depriving theatres of their legitimate business—a charge that has a familiar ring in America. The French movie house owners say they have lost a hundred million customers in the past five years, a period during which the number of television sets in France has grown to four million, with fifteen million viewers.

French film producers are also fighting television film competition. They demand that 70 per cent of all films shown on French television be home produced, and that no full-length features be shown on Saturday or Sunday. Further, they want television showings [redacted]ublic places like cafés to be either [redacted]d or banned.

In Spain, of all places, there is some commercial broadcasting. Sponsors are permitted to buy an hour or a half-hour of a few specific programs, and are free to insert their commercials where they will. Unfortunately, the cost is prohibitive for most Spanish businessmen.

Israel has, until recently, been against television of any variety, an attitude apparently shared only by the Union of South Africa, where the government opposes the introduction of television on the ground that it will upset family life. The Israeli government blocked for four months the acceptance of a television station as a gift from the Rothschild family, but last March the Knesset finally approved it, by a close vote. It will be a pilot station for instructional programs to be transmitted to schools and educational institutions, certainly a worthy purpose, but it was resisted because of the government's fear that it would be a step leading inevitably to general, and perhaps commercial, television.

Some Israelis have another kind of fear. They would like general television, but only if it were controlled by some autonomous body, like the BBC, rather than by a government department. These people think the Knesset should adopt a law transferring the control of radio and television to a national public body. Still others regard television as a luxury the country cannot afford at all, and there are religious elements that are concerned about the content of programs.

The argument over whether television is good or bad for a nation, in one way or another, is virtually universal. In Finland, the newspaper publishers are trying to push through legislation to block the further spread of radio and television advertising, scanty as it is, because they say it adversely affects the cost of advertising in newspapers, and in time would cut their revenues to a dangerously low point, causing some newspapers to go out of business. On the other hand, the distinguished Hamburg paper, *Die Zeit*, recently published an article headlined "How Dangerous Is Commercial TV?" The conclusion was that television constituted no danger at all, but rather stimulated a general expansion of business. In Austria there is criticism of the dead hand of government on broadcasting, because Austria is the only country where television is declining and the sale of sets is falling, a situation attributed to the low level of programming and the lack of a second channel.

Another project is the plan to create a South Arabia Broadcasting Corporation, based on the assumption that there will be 10,000 receivers in use in that area by the end of 1964. The corporation expects to get its revenue from taxes on sets, government subsidy, and both radio and television commercials, probably limited to spots. Television in both English and Arabic will be transmitted up to four hours a day at the beginning. Even now Bedouins are often seen riding over the desert sands on their camels, whiling away the time by listening to their transistor radios. If transistors had been invented earlier, Rudolph Valentino might never have had time for Vilma Banky.

The Greek Government is also belatedly getting into television. It has decided to build a network of seventeen TV stations to serve four-fifths of the Greek population, and has a plan to set up a nationwide radio broadcasting network with thirty-eight transmitters to bring programs to 98 per cent of the population. A projected shortwave station would enable Greece's voice to be heard overseas.

Knowledgeable people in European television will assure you that there is not the slightest chance that commercial television will ever operate there as it does in the United States, but there are signs in the sky, handwritings on the walls, and portents everywhere that advertising is breathing hotly down the necks of the government monopolies. Commercial pressures are great and growing as the new prosperity increases everywhere. It is argued, for example, that virtually unlimited commercial television in America produces programs that European television eventually buys on film anyway, without the commercials, so why shouldn't the business interests of a nation create their own programs and keep the money in the country?

At this juncture, it looks like a long war.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUARTERBACKING A NATION'S NEWS

By JAMES F. FIXX

IN TWO incredibly cluttered and clattering offices, only a few blocks apart in midtown Manhattan, may be found two men who exert a more powerful effect on the nation's news than almost anyone else within range of a typewriter. Their attitudes and edicts help shape virtually every daily newspaper and easily 95 per cent of the radio and TV stations in the United States. Their craftsmanship can help make or break a story by molding it into great reporting or shriveling it into insignificance. Their judgment is pivotal in determining, hour by hour, what Americans will read and hear, And, although they occasionally consult with each other on tricky journalistic problems, their rivalry is legendary wherever news is the local currency.

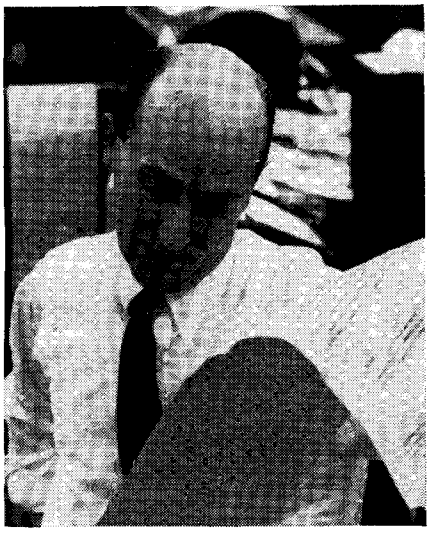
The two men are Samuel G. Blackman, general news editor of the Associated Press, and his counterpart Francis T. Leary, managing editor of United Press International. Although each is inclined to minimize his influence on the news ("I just sit here and sort of call the signals around the country," says Blackman), cold statistics suggest the scope of their jobs. In this country alone (both wire services also have a worldwide network of foreign subscribers), the AP serves some 1,750 newspapers and 2,380 radio and TV stations, while UPI serves "slightly over 1,000" papers and 2,547 radio and TV stations. On their domestic and foreign teletype circuits, the AP and UPI together transmit close to 1,000,000 words every day—enough to keep a sixty-word-per-minute typist busy for seven straight forty-hour weeks, with no time out for coffee breaks. Calling the signals for any team with an assignment like that would be enough to give most editors an incurable case of reader's cramp, but Blackman and Leary appear as perpetually unruffled as a reporter covering a turtle race. "I'm having a ball," says Leary. "The only time I'm nervous and upset is when there's nothing doing."

Most of the time, of course, something is doing, and the two editors, at their respective command posts, are invariably in the thick of it. Blackman, for example, starts each day at 8 A.M. by reading the log of the previous shift. Spotting stories that were missed or bungled, he asks for new leads or a sharper focus. Then he moves ahead with plans for covering the day's major stories. At 11 A.M. he and other key editors gather to discuss the handling of upcoming stories and the assignment of reporters. In spare moments he is developing ideas (such as his request the other day for a whimsical piece on the spate of historical errors made in public statements by President Kennedy and his brother the Attorney-General), reading suggestions from AP subscribers around the country (a recent one: "Whatever happened to Bridey Murphy?"), and reviewing ideas passed along to him by a staff "plan man" whose sole assignment is to come up with fresh angles on the news. Periodically, Blackman also issues special memos to the staff, clarifying AP policy, tactfully slapping a wrist or two, tossing an occasional bouquet for a job well done. Some time ago, after a Congressman denied making a statement as quoted by the AP, the wire service buried the denial in the followup story. Said Blackman in a no-non[illegible] memo:

> When a person says he has been misquoted, let him speak his piece. Wrap up all the circumstances, as we know them. Don't bury his denial in the hope it will be overlooked. . . . We tell all we know—not in an attempt to justify the original but to set the record straight. If the record shows us wrong, be forthright in saying so.

In the running rivalry between the AP and UPI, few stories are written, edited, or put on a wire without at least a moment's instinctive speculation about what the opposition is likely to be up to, and few joys are greater than coming up with a clear winner (staffers at both wire services regularly read papers from around the country to keep a tally of whose stories editors have chosen to use). Sometimes, of course, both go astray. In a recent "Memo from the M.E.," written after AP and UPI had rushed to the teletypes with bulletins quoting the Cuban Revolutionary Council in Miami as saying that commandos had landed in Cuba in an invasion effort, Leary sternly advised the UPI staff: "On the basis of experience with announcements [illegible] the exiles the services should not [illegible] been so eager to shoot from the hip. How much better it would have been to lay down the announcement in balance and perspective."

Both Leary's and Blackman's memos



Francis T. Leary—
UPI Managing Editor.

Samuel G. Blackman—
AP General News Editor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to their staffs nearly always include some proud chortles along with the [redacted]ings, as in this good-natured bit of [redacted]ing from UPI:

> A transportation snarl stranded Caracas staffer Tony Valbuena in Trinidad while he was en route to riot-torn Georgetown in British Guiana. He solved the problem by chartering a plane and flying it to Georgetown himself. . . . Once in Georgetown Tony ran into another transportation problem because taxis were affected by a general strike. He solved that one too. He bought a bicycle.

What kind of man is qualified to quarterback the nation's news? Significantly, both Blackman at fifty-eight and Leary at forty-eight are long-time veterans of their respective wire services, men thoroughly schooled in the grueling craft of getting out the news under crushing deadlines. Each is cool, energetic, and sufficiently steely-nerved under pressure to make a circus tightrope walker look like St. Vitus with an advanced case of chilblains. One recent morning Blackman, sitting at the general news desk on the fourth floor of the Associated Press Building in Rockefeller Center, cradled a tele[redacted]ne while simultaneously tapping [redacted] memo on his typewriter, answered [redacted]es of queries from staffers who stopped by his desk, spot-checked copy as it was teletyped around the country, conferred for a few hurried seconds with an impromptu gathering of editors, dreamed up half a dozen story ideas, then leaned back in his chair, turned to a visitor, and said with complete seriousness: "Not much doing today, I'm afraid."

Sam Blackman joined the AP in 1930 as a rewrite man in the Newark, New Jersey, office, was transferred to Trenton as State House correspondent (where, among other assignments, he covered the Lindbergh case), and in 1940 moved to Manhattan as a rewrite man. Five years later he was promoted to chief of the AP's New York bureau and in 1958 was named general news editor.

Francis ("Fran") Leary started out, at his father's prodding, to study electrical engineering, but managed to change his mind (and his father's) in time. In 1934, at the age of twenty, he went to work for United Press (which in 1958 joined with Interna[redacted]ional News Service to form United [redacted]s International). Starting in Chi[redacted]o as an office boy, he moved on to bureaus in St. Louis, Fort Wayne, and Detroit. After World War II, he became night manager of the Chicago bureau and, in 1948, Midwest news manager in charge of nine states. He moved to New York in 1959 as day news manager and a year later was appointed assistant managing editor. He has been managing editor since 1961.

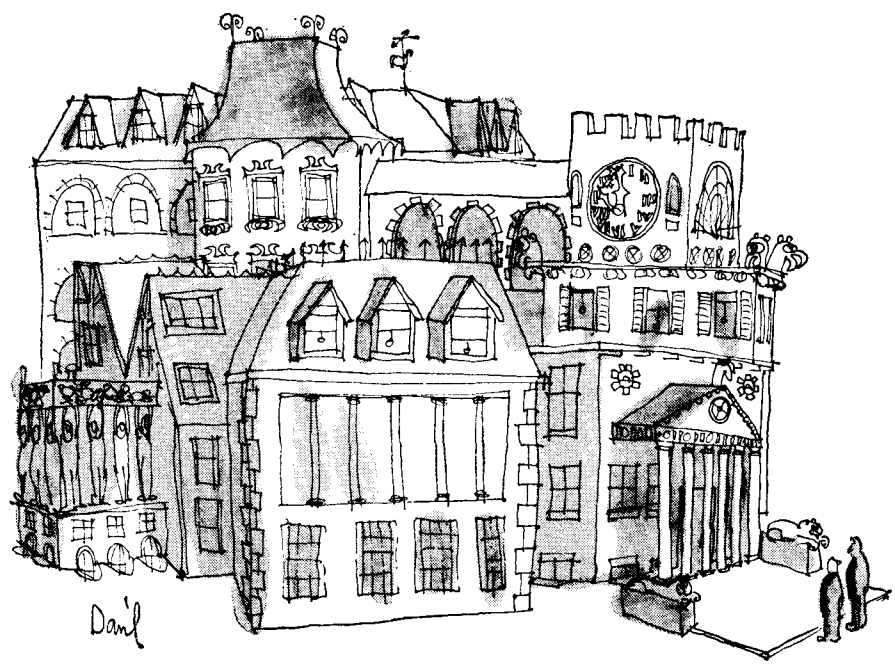
Despite their wide experience, and a superficial appearance of journalistic omnipotence, both Blackman and Leary are quick to point out that any personal power they may have over the news is checked and balanced both by the continual contest between the AP and UPI ("The competition is very, very healthy for both of us," says Leary) and by the internal structures of the news-gathering organizations. Though each wire service has been guilty of gaffes, editing by whim and caprice is virtually ruled out since the slightest eccentricity will be instantly apparent to any paper that subscribes to both services. "You can count on it," says Leary. "When we go wrong, our subscribers let us know. One of our biggest helps, in fact, is the criticism we constantly get from editors." And Blackman points out: "The one thing this job demands is great objectivity."

Discussing the question a few days ago, Leary said, "Personal opinion can't enter into reporting the news for an outfit like this. Our news editors are all twenty- and twenty-five-year men. Objectivity and non-bias have been instilled into them. We lean over backward to give both sides of a story and to keep the right balance in the quantity of news."

A clear case of this striving for objectivity occurred last spring when the AP warned its reporters to be wary of such slippery words as "integrationist," "segregationist," "ultra-conservative," "rightist," and "leftist." Reporters were advised that if, for example, a man is a member of the John Birch Society, they should say so rather than identifying him merely as an "ultra-conservative." The AP wrapped up its argument by saying, "You cannot go wrong if you know who the man is and state specifically what you know."

But there are as many ways to go wrong as there are words in a news story, and both wire services are constantly searching for ways to keep from stumbling. In a recent staff memo, for example, Wes Gallagher, general manager of the AP, wrote that the nationwide racial story "must be handled with the utmost professional skill and traditional AP objectivity." Noting that reporters should not be influenced by local feeling about how a story should be played, he said, "We should carefully put this over-all long-term struggle in perspective by pointing up examples of peaceful developments as well as those that result in demonstrations and violence. We must be bearish on adjectives and be specific in describing exactly what has taken place. . . . It obviously is impossible to cover every aspect of this emotional story to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Our aim is to be as impartial and factual as humanly possible, and to have the same standards for every community."

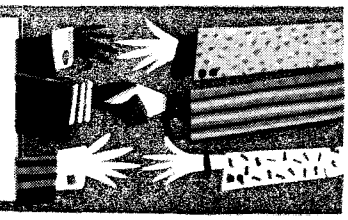
As Leary remarked recently, "Everything in this business depends on a nose for news—and a good conscience."



"No, I thought you had the key."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



What Can You Tell Employees?

HOW much can a company tell its employees? Can it pat itself on the back, do a little discreet crowing? Until not long ago, there seemed little doubt about the answers. The accepted practice, particularly in employee publications, has been to present the company in the most favorable light possible. But the practice is now open to question as a result of a National Labor Relations Board report released last spring that may ultimately have a far-reaching effect on the employee communications activities of virtually all large companies. It could, in fact, mean an end to those articles, so familiar to readers of some house organs, carrying such titles as "Dramatic Breakthrough for Crumbly Cars" and "Best Year Yet at Amalgamated Horseshoe."

What can be written in employee publications, and what can be said at meetings or on radio or television, especially when it is related to union negotiations, is under scrutiny as a result of the report, which was signed by NLRB trial examiner Arthur Leff, now general counsel of the board.

It all began as a result of a three-week strike at the General Electric Company in 1960 by the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. In September of that year the union filed charges with the NLRB, accusing General Electric of unfair labor practices. The hearings that followed lasted from July 1961 until final oral arguments were heard last January. More than 10,000 pages of testimony were given and thousands of pages of exhibits were introduced as evidence. Both the union and GE were fully aware of the importance of this hearing.

The Leff report, surprisingly, found General Electric guilty of "unfair labor practice" in bargaining on what lawyers call the "totality of conduct" doctrine. The findings were that the company was not trying to get rid of the union, that it was willing to enter into a collective bargaining agreement. But the report held that because of GE's policy of direct communication with employees on its position on the issues involved in the strike, it "locked itself into a position where it could not deviate significantly from its original offer without impairing the credibility with employees that it considered so basic to its employee relations and the success of its bargaining techniques."

It will not be before mid-1964 that the full National Labor Relations Board will give its opinion on the Leff report. Should the case go to the United States Supreme Court the earliest date for a final decision would probably be sometime during 1966.

There are many questions involved in this complex case. One key issue is whether a company can take its case to its employees directly. If it cannot, then the whole structure of employee communications changes, for central to this problem is the question of a company's right to tell its workers where it stands on all issues affecting operations: working conditions, pay, profits, job security, management's position on a union's proposal.

THE National Labor Relations Act of 1935 (or, as it is better known, the Wagner Act) forced complete neutrality by the employer during union organizing campaigns. It put a curb on management-to-employee communication during contract negotiations as well, although unions, naturally, did take their case to employees. In 1947 the Labor Management Relations Act (the Taft-Hartley Act) was passed, providing, among other things, that "the expression of any views, argument, or opinion, or dissemination thereof, whether in written, printed, graphic, or visual form, shall not constitute or be evidence of an unfair labor practice under any of the provisions of this Act, if such expression contains no threat of reprisal or force or promise of benefit."

General Electric makes no bones about its position. It believes, and acts on the belief, that it has a right to go directly to the employees through every means of communication—not just during contract negotiations but all year around. Since 1947, GE has taken the stand that "management must not only 'do right' voluntarily, but must constantly explain to employees why the actions it takes are in the short and long-term best interests of employees and all others who contribute to the success of the business."

For this reason the company is constantly selling its employees "the competitive enterprise system, the goals and problems of the business, the direct relationship between the welfare of employees and the welfare of business." Although General Electric maintains that this action is an essential prerequisite to successful communication during union negotiations, some companies feel that GE's stand is too hard-nosed. Certainly the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers does not like the GE policy. But the issue here is bigger than IUE or GE. It hits right at the heart of employee communications by management, for what is decided in this case may well affect any and all communications with employees by all management.

The NLRB intermediate report does not specify what can and what cannot be done in employee communications; it is, in fact, almost impossible to draw a hard line where employee communication is involved. Until a final decision is arrived at, however, a few observations can be made.

It is difficult to imagine any employee communication from management that does not present its best case. The essence of good employee relations is to do the right thing and then explain it. If, as a result of the GE case, that becomes impossible, it may mean that even announcements of company activities, no matter how distant from union negotiations they may be, will have to stop.

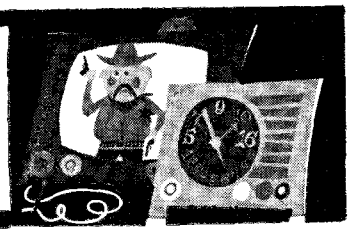
Anything favorable management does, whether or not a union is involved, reflects favorably on the company. Surely it makes no sense to prevent a company from telling its story, in the best way it knows how, whether through print media or through other means of communication. There is nothing to prevent a union from taking its case to members. Unions continually tell their story both to their members and to those they would like to have as members. The best course for all concerned — union leadership, management, employees, and the general public whose interest is involved — is not to put blocks in the way of discussion. Management cannot sell a bad case with good communication, nor can a union. And only through the free play of argument can the strength of a case be determined.

Those interested in employee communications will watch with care the final decision on the Leff report, for they are all deeply involved in the result.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audio/Video



Tom Paine—Communicator

"THE Public Opinion Quarterly," in a recent article by W. Phillips Davison relates an interesting story about Tom Paine, whose bestseller, *Common Sense* (100,000 copies), was "worth an army to George Washington." Paine wanted to take a ship to England in 1780 during the Revolution. He would represent himself as an Englishman who had toured the colonies incognito, and would plant articles in the English press that would undermine the "British resolve to continue the war against the American colonies." Had he carried out his propaganda mission, Paine, I believe, would have been our first Voice of America. It is probably fortunate that Benjamin Franklin and General Nathaniel Greene dissuaded him from making the attempt. Modern social science research suggests that he would have failed to win converts among hostile Englishmen. As Mr. Davison points out in his article, "if an attitude is useful to a person, if it helps him to maintain his personal integrity or a satisfactory social adjustment, even very skilful and sustained propaganda will ordinarily be unable to shake it. People defend themselves resourcefully against information with which they disagree."

Paine's powerful tracts urging independence from the British crown failed to win converts even in the American colonies. *The Magnificent Failure* made this clear—a splendid one-hour radio program broadcast world-wide by the Voice of America recently to mark Independence Day. The young radical's indictments of tyranny were greeted often by indifference, loyalty to George III, or violence directed at the author of *The Crisis*. Modern communications theorists would explain his successes by saying that Paine influenced readers who were predisposed, reinforced, or wavering. In telling the story of Tom Paine to short-wave listeners in Europe, East and West Africa, the Near East, South Asia, Latin America, and Oceania, the VOA was, presumably, also communicating to a receptive audience. People abroad generally tend to seek out from the international mass media those messages with which they are already in agreement, according to communications researchers. What they need and what they are offered by the Voice (a branch of the U.S. Information Agency) is reinforcement of their convictions and attitudes. On Independence Day, it was reasonable for the Voice of America to reassure its sympathetic listeners all over the world that the American Revolution, which Paine helped to start, was still unfinished.

Paine, as he left the new republic for less happy adventures abroad, felt that "the times that tried men's souls are over—and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished." He was wrong, of course, and Sol Panitz, who wrote, produced, and directed *The Magnificent Failure*, took an author's liberty of correcting him, when he chose to conclude his radio script with lines written by Benjamin Rush, Paine's former friend: "The American war is over, but this is far from being the case with the American Revolution. On the contrary, nothing but the first act of the great drama is closed." Mr. Panitz's script was sensitive to contemporary echoes in the dramatized story of Paine's humble origins, of his bitter experiences of personal sorrow, social injustice, indignity, and of people's general resistance to change. The role of Paine was admirably played by Alfred Ryder, who caught not only the sublimated aggression in Paine's crusading journalism but also the self-pity that made him "The Magnificent Failure."

Peter Ustinov was the narrator and gave a fine reading of Panitz's poetic lines. It was radio drama in the best American tradition. As reinforcement for pro-American attitudes of short-wave listeners, it came at a most opportune time. A contemporary phase of the continuing American Revolution is, of course, the struggle of American Negroes for civil rights in both South and North. The anti-American propagandists of the international mass media are getting maximum mileage from photographs of police dogs in southern cities attacking young Negroes participating in nonviolent demonstrations. These are powerful arguments; it is difficult to screen them out of consciousness. The Voice of America special on Tom Paine, even though it was concerned with past events, contributed to a more balanced "image" of the United States.

The VOA, in its world-wide, round-the-clock schedule of news broadcasts, features, and commentaries, is at pains to demonstrate that the executive branch of the American government and probably most of our national legislators and their constituents are in sympathy with the Negro drive for fuller human rights. As an example of the feelings of many Northern broadcasters, it would have been useful had the Voice picked up for international rebroadcast on Independence Day *The Unfinished American Revolution*, a half-hour documentary editorial presented by WINS, a Group W (Westinghouse) radio station in New York City. With the commendable conviction of a commercial broadcaster, Mark Olds, the station's General Manager, personally narrated this July 4 program, which counterpointed quotations from President Kennedy's recent televised address to the nation on the question of Negro civil rights with tapes culled from the struggle in the North and South.

Short-wave listeners would have heard testimony of brutal ignorance and racist prejudice that recall still unredeemed irrationalities in the American experience of Negroes and whites. They would also have heard eloquent witness to courage and idealism among men, women, and children. They would have heard the American President, speaking for the whole nation, place the struggle for equal rights on the level of a moral issue, asserting that the nation would not be free until all its citizens are free. Foreign listeners who knew enough about the American broadcasting scene would have realized that such a radio editorial by a commercial broadcaster was in itself an unusual demonstration of concern for the unfinished American Revolution. Lest it be thought that the Voice of America is biased in its short-wave treatment of the Negro civil rights issue, its representatives say that they also present the viewpoint of the segregationists, in tapes picked up from their public statements. But Southern Congressmen, when invited by the VOA to appear before the agency's microphones, have invariable declined. Not one so far has accepted an invitation to make the case for segregation to an international audience. Perhaps the Southern legislators are wiser communicators than Tom Paine and know the futility of converting audiences predisposed against them.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tobacco Troubles

Continued from page 45

become the ultimate in subtle advertising. The emphasis on virile-looking men or on healthy outdoor settings has been intended subtly to associate cigarettes with vigor and social acceptance. No one can blame a company for seeking to place its product in this sort of desirable context.

No one, that is, unless that product is proven beyond reasonable doubt to be a health hazard. And it is in this area that the cigarette industry confronts its biggest challenge. In the fall, a special advisory committee set up by the Surgeon General is expected to release a study of the medical evidence linking smoking with lung cancer and heart disease.

Meanwhile, several other studies are taking some sharp pokes at the industry. Legislation has been introduced in Congress to label tobacco as a "drug" and authorize the Food and Drug Administration to prohibit interstate shipments unless they are labeled to disclose hazards. And several books are in preparation, one sponsored by Senator Maurine Neuberger that will list the hazards of smoking.

One newly issued book, the *Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest* (the Consumers Union, $3.50), summarizes medical evidence which, its authors say, is "surely sufficient to persuade rational men and women that they should be better off not smoking."

It is impossible to predict what influence, if any, all this may have on the nation's 63,000,000 cigarette smokers who are willing each year to spend nearly $7 billion for the privilege. Though cigarette consumption declined in 1953 and 1954 following reports of a link between cigarettes and lung cancer, the industry rebounded sharply in following years.

Some experts now claim to see signs of another slowdown. In 1962 per capita cigarette consumption fell slightly for the first time since the 1953-54 scare. The Surgeon General's report might spur even further declines.

In view of these problems, one might normally expect the industry's advertising to grow more shrill. But the crisis-hardened tobacco industry is exhibiting notable restraint in curtailing its advertising aimed at young people—a restraint which in the end might ward off cries for rigid government controls.

—Peter Bart.

"You must realize, of course, that I don't speak for everybody in the United States."

SR's Check List Of Current Books

Art, Architecture

Architecture in Transition. By Constantinos Doxiadis. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

The Mexican Mural Renaissance, 1920-1925. By Jean Charlot. Yale Univ. Press. $15.

Current Affairs

The Red China Lobby. By Forrest Davis and Robert A. Hunter. Fleet. $4.95.

They'd Rather Be Right: Youth and the Conservative Movement. By Edward Cain. Macmillan. $5.95.

The United States and India and Pakistan. Revised edition. By William Norman Brown. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

Essays

History, Psychology, and Science: Selected Papers. By Edwin G. Boring, Robert I. Watson, and Donald T. Campbell. John Wiley. $8.95.

Social Astonishments. By David Cort. Macmillan. $4.95 .

Fiction

Caravans. By James A. Michener. Random House. $5.95.

Cat and Mouse. By Günter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95. (See page 28.)

The Celebration. By Mary Deasy. Random House. $4.95.

The Death of Peterson's Wharf. By Charles Brooks. Macmillan. $4.50.

Exile to the Stars. By Ed Mack Miller. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Heart of the Village. By Elizabeth Corbett. Appleton-Century. $3.95.

Hoffman's Row. By Walter Carnahan. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

The Lane of Rumbelow. By Carlos Baker. Scribners. $4.95.

Land of the Beautiful River. By Helmer Linderholm. Translated by Ellis Folke and Edgar A. Conradson. St. Martin's. $5.95.

The Lord of the Sea. By M. P. Shiel. Crown. Paperback, $1.45. (Reissue.)

Nantucket Rebel. By Edouard A. Stackpole. Ives Washburn. $4.95.

The Old Masters. By Thomas Baird. Harcourt, Brace & World $4.95.

Pontius Pilate. By Roger Caillois. Translated by Charles Lam Markmann. Macmillan. $3.

Second Wife. By Lewis Meyer. Prentice-Hall. $4.50.

The Tenants of Moonbloom. By Edward Lewis Wallant. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. (See page 27.)

Tio Pepe. By Mary Lasswell. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History

AMERICAN IDEAS: Source Readings in Intellectual History of the United [illegible]. Edited by Gerald N. Grob and [illegible]ert N. Beck. Free Press. Paperback, two vols. Each, $3.50.

THE BATTLE FOR MANHATTAN. By Bruce Bliven, Jr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95. (Reissue.)

THE CRUISE OF THE PORTSMOUTH, 1845-1847: A Sailor's View of the Naval Conquest of California. By Joseph T. Downey. Edited by Howard R. Lamar. Yale Univ. Press. $6.

THE MEXICAN MESTA: The Administration of Ranching in Colonial Mexico. By William H. Dusenberry. Univ. of Illinois Press. $5.50.

THE RISE OF THE WEST: A History of the Human Community. By William H. McNeill. Chicago Univ. Press. $12.50.

Literary Criticism

THE CULTURAL MILIEU OF ADDISON'S LITERARY CRITICISM. By Lee Andrew Elioseff. Univ. of Texas Press. $5.75.

HORACE ON POETRY: Prolegomena to the Literary Epistles. By C. O. Brink. Cambridge Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE POETRY OF CLOUGH: An Essay in Revaluation. By Walter E. Houghton. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

Music

[illegible]PROVISATION IN MUSIC: Ways Toward Capturing Musical Ideas and Developing Them. By Gertrude Price Wollner. $4.95.

Miscellany

ACUPUNCTURE: The Ancient Chinese Art of Healing. By Felix Mann, M.D. Random House. $7.50.

ANNUAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. Vol. 35 (1960). Edited by Marjory Rigby and Charles Nilon. Cambridge Univ. Press. $14.

CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF SMALL CRAFT. By John Teale. St. Martin's. $5.75.

OXFORD BOOK OF GARDEN FLOWERS. By M. Nicholson, *et al.* Oxford Univ. Press. $8.

PEOPLE OF THE FOREST. By Hans Lidman. Macmillan. $7.50.

PRO FOOTBALL: The History of the Game and the Great Players. By Robert Smith. Doubleday. $4.50.

RASCAL: A Memoir of a Better Era. By Sterling North. Dutton. $3.95.

THE TROUT FISHERMAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK. By Arthur Macdougall. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Mysteries

[illegible]HE HIGH WIRE. By William Haggard. [illegible] Washburn. $3.50.

[illegible]HE MAN I KILLED. By Jeremy York. Macmillan. $3.50.

MR. HOLMES AT SEA. By Conrad Voss Bark. Macmillan. $3.50.

THING TO LOVE. By Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

Personal History

FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL: A True Story of Western Life. By John Young Nelson as told to Harrington O'Reilly. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $2.

FROM EVERY ZENITH: A Memoir. By John Collier. Alan Swallow. $6.50.

THE LATER CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE III, Vol. 2. Edited by A. Aspinall. Cambridge Univ. Press. $22.50.

LONE VOYAGER. By Joseph Garland. Little, Brown. $5.

Poetry

DAUBER and REYNARD THE FOX. By John Masefield. Specially written new introductions by the author to each poem. Macmillan. $2.95.

PROGRESSIONS AND OTHER POEMS. By Albert Cook. Univ. of Arizona Press. $4.50.

Political Science

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE. By Harold D. Lasswell. Atherton Press (Prentice-Hall). $6.50.

NATIONAL LEADERSHIP AND FOREIGN POLICY: A Case Study in the Mobilization of Public Support. By James N. Rosenau. Princeton Univ. Press. $8.50.

Religion

REASON IN RELIGION. By Nels F. S. Ferré. Nelson. $7.75.

SPIRITS IN REBELLION: The Rise and Development of New Thought. By Charles S. Braden. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $7.50.

TOEHOLD ON ZEN. By Jeffrey Swann. World. $4.

THE TURIN FRAGMENTS OF TYCONIUS' COMMENTARY ON REVELATION. By Francesco Lo Bue. Cambridge Univ. Press. $11.

Sociology

CLASS STRUCTURE IN THE SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS. By Stanislaw Ossowski. Translated by Sheila Patterson. Free Press. $5.

EXPERTLAND. By Robert Sommer. Doubleday. $3.95.

FARMING AND DEMOCRACY. By A. Whitney Griswold. Yale Univ. Press. $5. (Reissue).

NAVAHOS HAVE FIVE FINGERS. By T. D. Allen. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $3.95.

OCCUPATIONAL DISABILITY AND PUBLIC POLICY. By Dr. Earl F. Cheit and Dr. Margaret S. Gordon. John Wiley. $11.95.

ORDER AND REBELLION IN TRIBAL AFRICA: Collected Essays with an Autobiographical Introduction. By Max Gluckman. Free Press. $6.

TO HUNGER NO MORE. By I. W. Moomaw. Friendship Press. Paperback, $1.95.

URBAN LIFE AND FORM. By Werner Hirsch. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

Travel

GUIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO AND THE BAY AREA. By James Benet. Random House. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Dryden

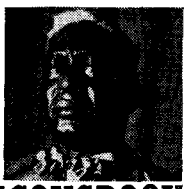
Continued from page 32

one needs to know what comes before and after. This is a welcome tool, then, rather than a text.

That there are always fads in criticism goes without saying. The explicators of poetry today prefer to fasten on "image" and "symbol," just as those of an earlier generation were obsessed by "tension" and "irony." Necessarily, too, the great writers of the past must be re-examined in the light of each new analytical technique. Arthur W. Hoffman does just this in his *John Dryden's Imagery*, a detailed analysis, from this particular point of view, of

the poet's best work. Aimed at the teacher and the serious student, this is a painstaking and valuable study. Early in his career, so Hoffman shows, Dryden was occupied with "the accommodation of the classical and the Christian images of the hero." On the other hand, the prologues and epilogues pile up homely images. *Absalom and Achitophel* embodies the messianic and satanic themes. Always with an "unremitting preoccupation with the problem of authority," Dryden in his later career packs his poetry with "memorable images expressive of an enlarged sense of the world and a reduced sense of the world's importance." With a neat turn of Johnson's memorable phrase, Hoffman in conclusion sums up Dryden's accomplishment: "One phase of his achievement finds the city brick and leaves it marble. In the other phase of his achievement, his imagery makes a monument in marble with a classical and a Christian face."

The Ballads, Blues and Folksongs of Huddie Ledbetter, the greatest folksinger of them all. "A superlative cameo...an extraordinarily well conceived musical document." Sat. Review. 74 songs $1.95



THE LEADBELLY SONGBOOK
ed. by Moses Asch & Alan Lomax
at leading quality paperback stores and
OAK PUBLICATIONS / 121 WEST 47 ST., N.Y.C.
Write for complete catalog of folk music books.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 15

little suffering before their sense of appreciation is firmly developed.

LINDA CARLTON REID.

Bloomfield, N.J.

I WAS delighted with the reaction of the children who listed the things they loved most in life. The poem of Rupert Brooke, "The Great Lover," came to mind. And though his life was so short a life, his poem has deepened the sense of joy in many lives since his death. One remembers Rupert Brooke for what he savored in life rather than for the years he lived.

So I could not feel that the simple yearning just to be alive, which R.L.T. felt was an even higher and more universal wish, should be added to the values with which we must challenge this age. It is not so much that we shall not leave this earth as that we shall not savor it or help to care for it and all its marvelous creatures that is the impending danger. The children who keep alive their sensitive values for the joys of each day may be the ones to make life for themselves—and those who catch their spirit by word or example—really worth living.

ADELAIDE N. BAKER.

Westport, Conn.

TOP TEN (Continued)

Responses to a recent request for a list of the ten best novels published in English in the last ten years are still coming in from SR readers, to wit:

Iris Murdoch: *Flight From the Enchanter*
Muriel Spark: *The Comforters*
Patrick White: *Voss*
Anthony Powell: *The Music of Time*
Gabriel Fielding: *The Brothers*
Lawrence Durrell: *The Alexandria Quartet*
William Golding: *Lord of the Flies*
James Baldwin: *Go Tell It on the Mountain*
V. S. Naipaul: *The House of Mr. Biswas*
Iris Dornfield: *Jeeney Ray*

AILEEN PIPPETT.

New York, N.Y.

William Gaddis: *The Recognitions*
Lawrence Durrell: *Alexandria Quartet*
Samuel Beckett: *Malone Dies*
Sylvia Ashton-Warner: *Spinster*
Bernard Malamud: *The Assistant*
Wright Morris: *The Field of Vision*
William Styron: *Set This House on Fire*
Saul Bellow: *The Adventures of Augie March*
John Updike: *The Centaur*
Katherine Anne Porter: *Ship of Fools*

W. G. ROGERS.

Gallitzin, Pa.

Vladimir Nabokov: *Lolita*
Katherine Anne Porter: *Ship of Fools*
Saul Bellow: *Adventures of Augie March*
William Faulkner: *A Fable*
Bernard Malamud: *The Assistant*
Philip Roth: *Goodbye, Columbus*
William Styron: *Lie Down in Darkness*
John Updike: *Rabbit, Run*
Norman Mailer: *The Deer Park*
James Jones: *The Thin Red Line*

DAVID BOROFF.

New York, N.Y.

William Faulkner: *The Reivers*
Harper Lee: *To Kill a Mockingbird*
James Purdy: *Malcolm*
Hortense Calisher: *False Entry*
John Ashmead: *The Mountain & the Feather;* or Robert Penn Warren: *The Cave*
Angus Wilson: *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*
Richard Hughes: *The Fox in the Attic*
Kingsley Amis: *Lucky Jim*
William Golding: *Lord of the Flies*
C. P. Snow: *The Affair*

WILLIAM PEDEN,
University of Missouri.

Columbia, Mo.

James Baldwin: *Another Country*
Saul Bellow: *Henderson, the Rain King*
George P. Elliot: *David Knudsen*
John Hawkes: *The Lime Twig*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Lolita*
Nigel Dennis: *Cards of Identity*
Lawrence Durrell: *The Alexandria Quartet*
William Golding: *Lord of the Flies*
Doris Lessing: *The Golden Notebook*
Alan Sillitoe: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*

ERIC MOON, Editor,
Library Journal.

New York, N.Y.

Vladimir Nabokov: *Lolita*
Vladimir Nabokov: *Pnin*
John O'Hara: *Sermons and Soda Water*
William Faulkner: *The Reivers*
Peter DeVries: *The Blood of the Lamb*
Nelson Algren: *A Walk on the Wild Side*
Flannery O'Connor: *Wise Blood*
Henry Miller: *Tropic of Cancer*
James Jones: *The Thin Red Line*
Joseph Heller: *Catch-22*

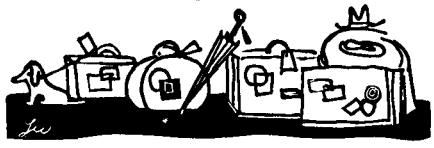
HOKE NORRIS.

Chicago, Ill.

Bernard Malamud: *The Assistant*
Saul Bellow: *Henderson the Rain King*
Katherine Anne Porter: *Ship of Fools*
A. E. Ellis: *The Rack*
Kingsley Amis: *Lucky Jim*
Ralph Ellison: *The Invisible Man*
James Agee: *A Death In the Family*
Muriel Spark: *Memento Mori*
Alexander Cordell: *The Rape of the Fair Country*
Truman Capote: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*

CHARLES HOYT,
Bennett College.

Millbrook, N.Y.



Editorial

Continued from page 14

when former President Hoover and [redacted] task force turned in their report some years ago; it is many times worse today under the circumstances of a fifty billion-dollar budget. The manufacture of weapons that are obsolete even before they are completed; determination of some budgets based on plant capacity rather than strict military usefulness; the accumulation over the years of weapons with a capacity to destroy the enemy many hundreds of times over—all these factors must now be taken into account. Extraneous surpluses, misused manpower, depletion of the national wealth—none of this adds to the national security. Secretary Robert McNamara has done everything humanly possible to check the waste; but he cannot control the political process which is central in the final determination of what is to be spent. And this is where the people come in.

If we combine the two sets of subsurface debates, what we find is that the opponents of a test ban pay higher tribute to the Soviet economy than they do to their own. They seem to feel that the Soviet economy has the ability to benefit from an easing of the end of the arms race, whereas our economy cannot take up the slack. They say they are opposed to Communism—indeed, their basic position is predicated upon it—but they tend to shrink from a full and free competition between the two systems in the non-military arena.

The ultimate question, therefore, has to do with one's basic faith and confidence in the ability of the United States to hold its own in the non-military showdown coming up in the world. Those who know most about this nation's history, its philosophy, and its institutions will find abundant nourishment for their optimism. As usual, those who know the least will fear the most.

—N.C.

WIN A TRIP —
TO LONDON
OR TO TOKYO

Saturday Review* readers may now enter SR's eleventh annual Wo[rld] Travel Photo Contest. Deadline [for] entries: October 15, 1963. *For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Helpful, honest advice, from authors and editors plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine, $5 yearly. Send $1 for 3-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, N.Y.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA — ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FREE PAPERBACK CATALOGUE. New York Book Co., Mail Specialists, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70c.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

ART

FINE PRINTS. Full scale, museum-authenticated reproductions of Sharaku, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. From hand-carved woodblocks using exactly same materials as originals. Illustrated pamphlet with 268 different subjects. $1.00 airmail. Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

HANDBOOK on Chinese Art Symbols, $3.50. Alexanders, 2708 Enfield, Austin, Texas.

OUT-OF-PRINT

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 12A Mason, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

GOOD BOOKS, Scholarly, Fine and Scarce, from stock. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 27, Tennessee. Book finders.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 St. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Wantagh, New York.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

RECORD MART

GERMAN LITERATURE on records: Goethe, Faust I and II, complete set, $39.95. Adenauer Life Story, 2 record set, $9.95. Ask for catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, SPANISH, POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

KEEP UP with life in Europe. Subscribe to German, Swiss, Austrian magazines. Catalogue on request. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, New York 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 783-A, 1657 Sawtelle Boulevard, Los Angeles 25.

WORLD'S LARGEST diversified collection Travel, Famous Paintings, Science, Orbital Flights, Educational, Children's, Religious, Flowers and Gardens, Song Slides. Sets of 6 for $1—20 for $2.95 or 40 for $4.95. Available at dealers. Free brochure or 25¢ for complete catalogue. Universal Color Slides Co., 424-S East 89th Street, New York 18.

SCHOOLS

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL, Vershire, Vermont, opens in September, emphasizing college preparation, ecology and the arts. Openings for 9th and 10th grade boys and girls of character, imagination, promise, who want challenge and rewards of helping create a school. Near Hanover, New Hampshire. Write: MacNiven Conard, Director.

MUSIC

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL, Rudolf Serkin, Artistic Director. Chamber music concerts, including Bach Cantatas, weekends through September 2nd. Fridays and Saturdays 8:30 P.M., Sundays 4 P.M. (Labor Day 2:30 P.M.). Tickets $5.00, $3.00. Address: Marlboro Festival, Box 90, Marlboro, Vermont. Telephone 802-254-8163. NYC Information: COlumbus 5-1450.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

FOR THE GOURMET

INELUCTABLY ESCULENT! Look's "Atlantic" Maine seafoods. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

ENJOY EXQUISITE DELICACIES from Europe. Ask for free Gourmet catalogue. Bremen House. 218 East 86th Street, New York 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

307 WORLDWIDE Different 25¢. Sensational approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharine's 214, Ontario.

PERSONALS

FINNISH, DANISH, other hard-to-find cottons; Siamese silk. Irish handwoven tweeds and handknit sweaters; blankets such as you never dreamed of. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont, 05346. Circular.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

MONEY, FUN AND FAME for appearing on TV. Need unusual contestants for quiz show. Are your marriage, job, opinions unique? Call Mrs. Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC between 10 and 6 weekdays.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music, Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 8-3-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM," "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

(Continued on page 56)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 55)

HARPSICHORD — Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

FOOT COMFORT, newest free catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Japan," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

COLLEGE DROPOUT. Intellectually disaffected? Independent study in riverside setting 175 miles NYC. Tutorials available with resident master. Some work scholarships. S. Jacoby, Riverside Farm, South Kortright, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA Bachelor of Liberal Studies Degree for Adults. Combines independent study with four residential seminars. Total of 13 weeks in resident. BLS, 1700 Asp, Norman, Oklahoma.

PORTRAIT—Imported 12" x 16", painted from photo, $16.95. Jubilee, 1207 Sunset, St. Louis 17, Missouri.

8½" x 11" COPY of the Original Declaration of Independence. Suitable for framing—display in office, den or home. Send $1. Disabled American Veterans, 805 West Clark Street, Champaign, Illinois.

GOING TO ITALY? College graduate will tutor/care children. Experienced secretary. Box D-806.

BACHELOR, 28, Phi Beta Kappa, will consider any position anywhere. Prefer private secretary. Box D-875.

ROOM-BOARD WANTED with cultured family New York, West Side, for exceptionally talented Korean pianist, seventeen, studying Juilliard. Piano not essential. Price open. From September 8th. Call OXford 7-1960.

YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, cultured, educated, desires post in Virginia with gentlefolk. For year from December, 1963. Tutorial/horses. Box D-891.

RETIRED COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR / ADMINISTRATOR, church musician, piano teacher, seeks church, school or private employment, northeast U.S. College community preferred. Woman, active, personable. Box D-899.

SCRABBLE, ANYONE? Yes, but use our new plastic compact clip-on Turner. Avoids scrambles, turns to each player. Ideal gift. Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specialty Sales, 4002 6th Avenue, Brooklyn 32, N.Y.

PERSONALS

RESIDENT POSITION wanted September 1st as secretary or housekeeper in motherless home. Interested in teenage children. Responsible, intelligent woman with good background and experience. References. Box D-892.

MAKE OFFER. Pilgrim's Progress by Bunyan. Box 474, Bridgeport, Nebraska.

ADVENTURESOME YOUNG KARATE EXPERT, personable, honorable, seeks risky or challenging Latin American assignments utilizing FCC radio 2nd Class license. Passport. Replies confidential. Box D-878.

FOUR SIMPLE TEACHING MACHINES with instructions for children five through eight. Teach counting, telling time, making change, adding, subtracting, and reading. Teacher made. Send for one and instructions for $1.95 or complete set for $4.95. Teaching Aids, P. O. Box 9773, Portland, Oregon.

AVAILABLE BUSINESS ASSOCIATIONS — Resident NYC Representative. Woman, experienced organization, public relations, national, international. Box D-904.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT interested in social research related to peace. In St. Louis Peace Research Laboratory. Able to type, edit, interview, write, assist in surveys of attitude. Small salary. Box D-901.

GREAT NECK, L.I.—Inspired teacher bicultural nursery school, session 12:30-3:30 P.M., beginning September. Box D-879.

SECRETARY—Busy, exciting position. Student world relations office. Protestant Church organization. Good steno necessary. Some college preferred. NYC. Box D-884.

DOCUMENTARY FILM PRODUCER, pleasantly located, needs Girl Friday production-editing assistant. Box D-902.

WANTED: Single lady as housemother in women's dormitory at small college in Vermont. Must understand late adolescents and function of dormitory council. Box D-905.

NEW YORK PUBLISHER seeks energetic, intelligent, personable bachelor over 25 as college traveler interviewing professors in large midwest territory to secure manuscripts and book sales. Salary, expenses, car. Box D-907.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Stone Colonial at ease on 3 wooded acres. 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths. Overlooking Hudson. $46,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT, 90 miles NYC. MUDGE THE MILLER'S circa 1739 Cottage—7 room, 3 bath, center chimney home with original fireplaces, walnut paneling and new ground floor studio-bedroom wing. On 18 acres with privacy and accessibility among massive shade and evergreen trees overlooking cascading trout stream. Only 2 miles from village and stores. Small lawn and garden spot. Separate 2 car garage. Albert Borden, Realtor, Lakeville, Connecticut. Area Code 203-HE 5-2400.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Realtor, 375-2215.

CONNECTICUT—2 hours from NYC—5 bedroom Cape Cod. Lovely country setting close to schools, shopping and yachting. Barn. $29,500. Contact C. F. Boe, Litchfield, Connecticut.

VERMONT—Brick house, Route 11, adjacent new ski area. All or part of approximately 10 acres. Good investment property. Box D-855.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT house. 1530 North Ogden Drive, Hollywood, California. 876-1666.

YEAR ROUND VACATION HOMES in southern Vermont designed and built by Simon Watts. A complete 2 bedroom house for $6,900. Ready now. South Newfane. Telephone: 802-348-6369.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

NANTUCKET MOORS: 1820 farmhouse and 11 a[illegible] fully modernized, spacious, accommodates eight comfortably. 20' kitchen with fireplace. Ten minutes to town or beaches, yet utterly secluded. $23,000 fully furnished. Box D-664.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N. Y. Secluded summer retreat. 2 bedrooms, living room, kitchen, bath, screened porch, fireplace. Wooded, swimming. $7,500. Box D-900.

BERKSHIRES. Old farmhouse modernized, winterized. Low upkeep, 11 acres, view. Near Tanglewood, skiing. 2½ hours Manhattan. $20,000. Box D-886.

For Rent—Furnished

STATEN ISLAND, N.Y. 5 room ranch available September 1st, 1-2 year lease. Fireplace, panoramic view, opposite golf course, 40 minutes Wall Street. 1½ baths, screened terrace, $300 month plus utilities. S. P. Brown, Box 74, Stapleton, Staten Island. Phone MUrray Hill 2-3383.

HOUSES TO SHARE

CALIFORNIA HOME near San Francisco. Beautiful view. Professional woman seeking congenial person. Reasonable. Box D-877.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. Mother-without-partner will share with same (plus child) her new eight room Colonial. Best schools and transportation, full-time, live-in housekeeper to babysit while we work, private bedroom and bath, meals, laundry, garage space. One acre of fields, flowers and woods. Easy commuting. Asking $75 weekly. Box D-881.

STUDIO FOR RENT

Furnished

FOR CREATIVE WRITER with work in progress: [illegible]cious studio with woodburning fireplace, overlooking the White Mountains, on large secluded private farm estate in Maine. Solitude, quiet, meals arranged to suit schedule. All conveniences. $100 week, $350 month. Write requirements. Box D-837.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. 1, 3 or 5 room apartments, also rooms—week, month. Central, beach block. Open yearly. John A. Baron, 162 South Ocean Avenue.

APARTMENT WANTED

TO SHARE

PIED-A-TERRE WANTED—in good Manhattan, San Francisco, Phoenix or Chicago apartment. Space for few lares et penates and mail forwarding facilities required. Mature, peripatetic, retired male. Box D-613.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

RETIREMENT ESTATE—137 acres, mostly wooded, bordering Rapidan River. Completely and tastefully modernized old home, 3 full, 2 ½ baths, fireplaces, forced hot air heat. Setting, view, shade, boxwood. $49,000. Taxes $85. Browning Real Estate, Culpepper, Virginia.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Superb lots near site of new marina. G. M. Marrow, Box 797, Brattleboro, Vermont.

WATERFRONT "SECOND-HOME" SITES. Thoreau-like country. Utilities. Charming model. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

VERMONT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES available now in rapidly growing winter-summer resort areas: 2 motels, 2 country inns, 4 interesting stores. Other attractive possibilities as well as homes and acreage. Snare Associates, Realtors, Dorset, Vermont.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

[redacted], VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" [redacted]p. Now is the time to write. visit. Appel Farm [redacted] & Music Center. Elmer 2. New Jersey.

VACATIONS

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Open to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

SNOWMASS LODGE, Aspen, Colorado. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

THE FALES—500 wooded Berkshire acres. Pine-paneled cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

[redacted]MONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green [redacted]ntain National Forest. Flood Brook House—[redacted]ool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

MOUNTAIN BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Elevation 2300'. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand beach, boating, riding, golf. American Plan, fabulous food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view, superb Continental cuisine. Informal, friendly. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

[redacted]SGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

VACATIONS

IF IT'S A TRULY LOVELY LAKE you like, enchanting woods, sports, good food, fine music, cottages or cabins, then try our mountaintop "hideaway." Tennis, shuffleboard, barbecues, patio lunches, library, loafing patio, chip-in cocktail parties. Everything for an unhurried vacation. Rustic, unpretentious, relaxing. Chanterwood, Box 81, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

SNOW MOUNTAIN INN, West Dover, Vermont, 05356. Music Festivals, Art Centers, Summer Playhouses, Workshops, superb dining, luxury accommodations, pool, tennis. 802-464-3336.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants, Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

FISHING VILLAGE: 18th century house, restaurant, private beach, 6 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer. Gaspe Peninsula. Accessible by train, car, private plane. Until September 20th. L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

MEAN. The experts tell us the mean summer temperature at Atlantic City is 71. What's so mean about that? Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. 2150' high in the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Spectacular fall foliage. Open to October 20th. Excellent food, accommodations. Brochure.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

REVELATION in rustic atmosphere, architecture, comfort. Elevation 2200', Green Mountain skyline. Listed every guide to good eating. Bring camera, binoculars, fly rod. Golf, tennis, riding nearby. Family cabin colony, modern rooms. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

GOING TO TANGLEWOOD? Or Jacob's Pillow? For really comfortable and friendly accommodations, superb meals and all-around satisfaction, Shadowood, The Rosenbergs, Lenox, Massachusetts. Phone 8014.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place. NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

IN KRUGER PARK, and other game reserves in South Africa, see for yourself lion, hippo, giraffe and hundreds of other animals and birds on their "home grounds." Tour in comfort the scenic wonders of South Africa. Less cost per day the longer you stay! Literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

RAIL TOUR "CANYON WONDERLAND." Arizona Grand Canyon and Mexico's Barranca del Cobre. October 26th-November 3rd. WAMPLER TOURS-R7, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour 6 weeks Autumn 1963. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

MEN WANTED TO TRAVEL—Limited openings—15% savings for assistant Tour Escorts on BACHELOR PARTY® TOURS to Europe, Mexico, Hawaii, Caribbean. Contact Fred Ruoff, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, Plaza 8-2433.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

FREIGHTER TRAVELERS and those who would like to be are invited to join us. Dues $5 year include subscription to Freighter Travel News, a monthly publication written by and for freighter travelers. Send 10¢ coin or stamps for sample copy. Freighter Travel Club, P. O. Box 526, Caldwell, Idaho.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1531

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Affecting the sense of taste.

B. Small English town where Stephenson tried his first steam engine, 1814; Longfellow's fictional town where the farmers destroyed all the birds.

C. Indian tribe for whom a coastal Point, a river, and a city are named, in Washington.

D. Mount for the young, whose first half is suitable to be ridden by a person of any age.

E. Hypostatize.

F. Radio's word for resonance.

G. Two words for Christmas.

H. What Rabelais says appetite comes with.

I. What Homer said was deathless.

J. Sappho's place among the Muses, acc'g to Plato.

WORDS

58 162 168 31 74 81 48 123 55

73 57 32 117 65 49 131 24 43 79 149 91

110 82 25 64 143 133 169 163

2 158 170 141 106 47 33 125 93 9

140 28 174 51 62 126

150 80 130 157 30 101 137

11 15 89 153 36 108 129 154 83 1 104

132 10 97 155 120 85

8 124 29 72 19 98

14 122 52 138 23

DEFINITIONS

K. Immeasurably admirable or delightful (slang; 3 wds.).

L. Nature's gift to the cat, acc'g to a fable of Bidpai, 526 B.C. (2 wds.).

M. Tributary of the St. Lawrence which flows into it at Ogdensburg, N.Y.

N. Tenacious.

O. Have an opinion of.

P. Ancient Egyptian city from whose ruins Word S was taken to New York.

Q. Lake in NW Washington.

R. The gentle breezes of sunrise (2 wds.).

S. One of Cleopatra's Needles.

T. Mexican site of the "Floating Gardens" originally made by the Aztecs.

U. Tiny Canadian village on Lac Saint Pierre, site of transatlantic receiving station.

WORDS

161 94 75 71 147 39 87 50 20 40

44 38 95 42 86 160 166 76 112

146 107 68 6 18 96 60 22 67 119 45

159 135 127 114 17 37 167 77 12

90 128 171 84 88

139 69 142 21 4 116 100 172 109 134

151 144 3 46 53 78

102 27 63 5 152 111 165 13

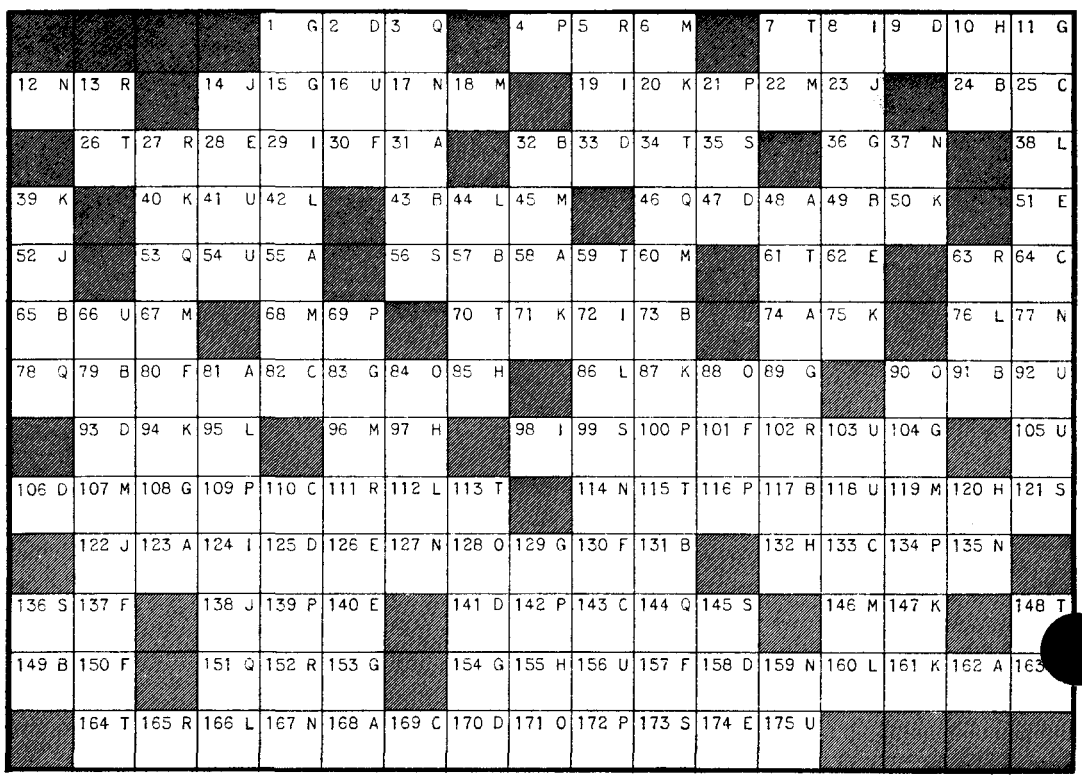
99 136 145 56 173 121 35

115 34 7 59 164 113 148 70 26 61

175 118 105 103 156 54 16 66 41 92

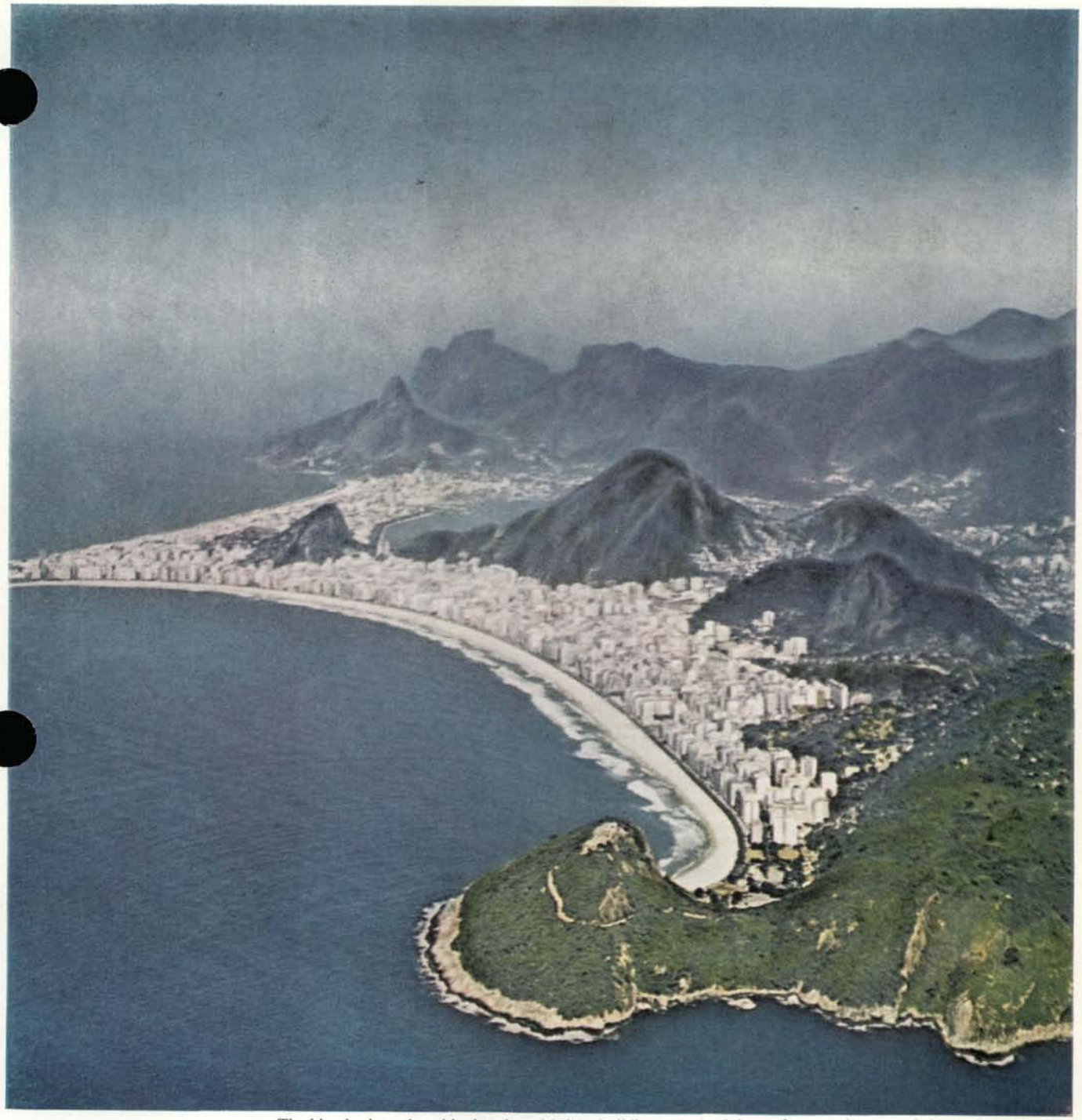
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The blue harbor, the white beach and bright buildings, the backdrop of mountains say this is unmistakably Rio

South America: where cities are CITIES!

Rio has what it takes from any point of view. Copacabana Beach, with its snow-white sands and blue, blue surf. Sugarloaf, Corcovado, the *Fingers of God*—mountains made for climbing, exploring. Inviting shops, beautiful hotels, fine restaurants. This is Rio de Janeiro. And Rio is just one of *many* great South American cities, each a world all its own . . . a world you won't want to miss. The only way to see South America is to see it all. *And the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round South America is Pan Am and Panagra.* See the entire continent—Rio, Lima and many other cities—on a round-trip Jet ticket to Buenos Aires. As little as $630, Jet Economy fare from New York. Or leave from any one of 7 other U.S. cities. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

PAN AM • PANAGRA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS — PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am • Panagra.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

Famed are the clans of Scotland ... their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label quality, with its genuine Scotch flavor. Forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in its distinctive bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

Available in quart, fifth, tenth, half pint and miniature — in states where legal.

Traditional Tartan of Clan Wallace

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y. © 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED